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INC

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Regent-street, July 4, 1849.

## A GENERAL MEETING OF THE HAKLUTY SOCIETY.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1884.

## REVIEWS

Account of some recent Improvements in the System of Navigating the Ganges by Iron Steam Vessels. By Albert Robinson, Civil Engineer. Weale.

Indian River Navigation—A Report. By John Bourne, Civil Engineer. Allen & Co.

THE annexation of the Punjab to British India has given a high degree of interest to the subject of Steam Navigation with reference to the development of the resources of that rich tract, and to the country of the Five Rivers." Originally the great highway of European commerce with Central Asia, the Indus with its tributaries seems now to offer an avenue of communication with British India which cannot be neglected, and to the enterprise of the English in India full scope for effort. As broad as the Mississippi, deeper even, and navigable over two or three thousand miles including its branches, the Indus may yet become to India all that the Mississippi has been to America. Energy in the Government of the former country only is needed for taking advantage of a vast system of steam communication which Nature has made ready to its hand.

The two works now before us, though independent publications, and in some respects even taking different views,—concur as to the capability which the great Indian rivers possess of being navigated by steam. Both urge on the Government of India exertions greater than have hitherto been made in that direction. The principal difference between them is, that one is a record of improvements already made in Indian steam navigation—the other a suggestion of new plans hitherto untried. Mr. Albert Robinson gives us the history and description of a class of steam vessels, six or seven in number, which he has placed on the Ganges and which are now working there,—and places before us the results of his experience in respect of them:—Mr. Bourne lays before us the project of a system of boats by which he proposes to effect similar objects, and to carry them out to a greater extent.

Before advert to the improvements in the navigation of India accomplished by one of our authors or to those projected by the other, it is fair that we should state what the East India Company had previously done for the promotion of steam navigation in that country. They found the introduction of steam to be indispensable to their communication with the vast territories in the basin of the Ganges, at a very early period after the commencement of its general use here. We believe that to Mr. Peacock, the examiner, much of the credit of establishing that navigation, by means of shallow iron vessels, belongs; and so early as 1834 a regular line of Government steamers was established on the Ganges. These steamers did not themselves carry passengers or goods,—but towed barges or accommodation vessels: and this system, though not in use in modern times, had its advantages in the infancy of steam navigation. Our readers may possibly remember that on the rivers of America there used to be double or jointed boats,—one carrying the engine and boiler, the other having a series of state-rooms. For many years this plan of towing vessels has been used with benefit to the Government and the community of India; and the East India Company deserve credit for the extent to which they succeeded by these means in opening up the navigation of the Ganges.

The disadvantages of this double or towing system are, nevertheless, found in practice to be many and considerable,—especially where

increased speed is to be maintained and rapid currents are to be encountered. Two boats in conjunction must in all cases be slower and worse formed for motion through water than one; and in rapid currents the former are found quite unmanageable,—the stream often carrying them in different directions, and sometimes doubling them round on each other with violent concussion. These evils led to their abandonment in America,—where the towing system for the fast class of boats has ceased to exist.

Mr. Robinson had, it appears, been professionally occupied as a practical engineer in America before he was sent to India; and on seeing the noble rivers in the latter country, he could not avoid contrasting the speed and power of the American boats with those of India. In the rivers he saw that Nature had done much,—and he felt how much more might have been done by Man. What he did was very characteristic of the enterprising Englishman. He determined that the Ganges should have vessels as good, as large, and as fast as those of America,—and he resolved to combine with these qualities the solidity, strength and safety of English manufacture. He made repeated voyages up and down the Ganges,—measured all the awkward turns of the river where he was told it would be impossible for his large vessels to pass,—fathomed all the channels and gauged all the shallows for 800 miles in length; and, having made up his mind that his object was practicable and valuable, he set about at once carrying it into effect.

In India enterprises of this kind are not easy. There are the apathy born of climate, the disposition to believe in things as they are, the ignorance of natives, and the inertia of Europeans under a vertical sun, to contend against. Mr. Robinson, however, found a few friends to co-operate with him,—and, better still, he helped himself. He prepared plans of suitable vessels of a length and power and speed greatly exceeding those heretofore used,—sent them home to England,—had them executed at the works originally built by Mr. Fairbairn on the Thames,—and procured the boats and engines to be packed up in little pieces and sent out to India. There, with native workmen only, he put them together, worked them successfully, and obtained a speed and power of carrying cargo and passengers that have fully realized all the expectations which he had held out. He continued his efforts until, as we have said, not less than six or seven of these improved vessels were placed on the Ganges:—which they now navigate with speed and regularity.

Of all this, and much more relating to the subject, Mr. Robinson's book is a simple straightforward narrative. Without pretension as a literary treatise, it is an intelligent and interesting record of engineering experience; and will serve at this juncture to supply important data to plans for extending the benefits of steam navigation in India, whether on the Ganges or on the Five Rivers of Western India.

It is fair, again, to mention that the East India Company have not been idle spectators of the improvements of steam navigation. Already they have ordered several experimental voyages on the Indus and its tributaries. They have now several steam-boats on that river; and, although these have neither the speed nor the size necessary for that navigation, they have served to prove what is wanting and what may be expected from improved means. We do not know if the Company intend to establish a system of steam navigation on the Indus; but if they do, these records of recent improvements seem to indicate some changes of system which may be

introduced with certainty and success,—especially in the substitution of long, fast, powerful vessels for the slow ones hitherto adopted. Mr. Robinson strongly urges the propriety of Government adopting his large vessels in their navigation of the Indus:—one of these being capable of conveying a regiment of soldiers and their baggage along the river at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The nature and extent of the navigation of the Ganges is given in the following passages:—

"Course of the Navigation.—The navigation of the Ganges between Allahabad and Calcutta is a most curious and interesting subject, about which a great deal might be written, but a very brief notice will suffice here. \* \* \* The course of the navigation, starting from Allahabad downwards, follows the main stream of the Ganges at both seasons for a distance of 580 miles, to the point where the Bhaugrutee forms a separate channel. In the high-water season the navigation is then by way of the Bhaugrutee for a distance of 133 miles to Nudya, where it enters the Hooghly. In the Hooghly, its course down to Calcutta is 68 miles,—total 787 miles. In the low-water season, instead of entering the Bhaugrutee as above, the course of the navigation continues its way down the main stream of the Ganges for a distance from Allahabad of 696 miles to the Gorae channel, which diverges to the right or south-westward; through the Gorae and the Barashee it pursues its course for 162 miles, till the delta of the Soonderbunds is reached. Through the crooked and many-named channels of the Soonderbunds it runs for 220 miles, till it unites with the Hooghly at Mud Point, below Calcutta. It then ascends the Hooghly to Calcutta by the Ship channel, 69 miles,—total, 1,147 miles. During the period of high water or inundation already mentioned, the navigation presents few difficulties beyond the force of the current to vessels ascending the river, which now averages a velocity of 4 miles an hour for the whole distance, and is frequently met running at 6 and 7 per hour, while at a few points its velocity reaches 8 miles an hour. This, although it would be of no moment to a powerful steamer, is a serious one to the native boats and to steamers not adapted to encounter such a current. The descent is of course facilitated by the current. At this season there is depth of water over the shallow parts of the river for a vessel of almost any dimensions and draught. The Ganges is now a magnificent highway of traffic, worthy of one of the most populous and productive regions on the face of the globe. For the greater part of the low-water or dry season, the Ganges is not navigable for vessels of much draught; as although in many intermediate distances between towns upon its banks there is ample depth of water, it is of course necessary in the through navigation that the vessel should pass over all the shoals and sand-bars: upon many of these the depth, as before stated, varies from only 3½ to 5 feet, and in a particularly dry season, during April and May, it may be found even under 3 feet. Now it is that the great difficulties of the navigation are experienced. From the changeableness of the shoals and channels, and the intricacy of the latter, vessels of every kind are in constant danger of running aground, and nothing but the greatest vigilance of the commander and pilot can keep a steamer from running upon the sand-banks, from whence she is dislodged with much exertion, and frequently after great loss of time. Native boats getting upon a bank or shoal at this season, and when the river happens to be falling, are sometimes, from the want of energy of the native character, left high and dry upon the sand by the water receding, where they remain till the next rainy season. In descending with the current, the liability of vessels to run aground is far greater than in going up stream, as the ripple caused by the bar or shoal does not discover itself so much upon the upper side as the lower side of the bar, and as the vessel's progress with the current is so much more rapid. When the ground is taken by a vessel coming down too, she is more difficult to get off, the chances being that she must be 'worked over' the bar or shoal in order to get her afloat again. The velocity of the current of the Ganges is less at this

period than during the rainy season, the average between Allahabad and Rajmahal probably not exceeding 2½ miles per hour. The only difficulties met with in navigating the Soonderbunds arise from the narrowness of the channel and the acuteness of the angles formed by it. These obstacles, however, apply only to steamers in turning the bends. The tide governs the current, which is sluggish, and of course alternately flows up from as well as down to the sea. Notwithstanding all the impediments which nature has placed in the way of the navigation of the Ganges in the low-water or dry season, it is still even then available for carrying on the traffic of the country to an extent that the resources of science and capital would find it no easy task to provide a substitute for.

"Traffic.—The traffic on the Ganges, could it be precisely stated, would probably appear exaggerated; but no means exist of ascertaining it with any approximation to exactness. A statement of the river tonnage arriving at or departing from Calcutta would give but a very limited view of the subject,—leaving out, as it would do, the intermediate traffic between some of the principal cities and marts of India. The face of the broad stream may be seen sometimes covered with whole fleets of river craft. At the Jungceepore toll, on the Bhaugrutee, the only point except Calcutta where there is any return made, the number of these vessels which passed was, in the year 1844,—50,320 boats, the tonnage of which was upwards of three quarters of a million tons. The articles enumerated consisted of grain, pulse, salt, sugar, indigo, cotton, saltpetre, oil, seeds, mangoes, vegetables, coals, lime, fire-wood, straw, &c., &c., &c. In the above, no account is taken of vessels with Government troops, stores, or ammunition, nor of opium. The number of river craft arriving at Calcutta by the Soonderbund rivers, upon which toll was collected in 1844, amounted to 125,000 boats or an average of 340 per day,—the total tonnage of which is about a million and a quarter tons. The traffic at these two points alone added together (which it is fair to do) amount to upwards of 2,000,000 tons, or four times as much as the whole sea traffic in ships to and from Calcutta: no account was taken of boats under the burthen of 28 maunds. The returns from the Government Inland Steam Department, in the same year 1844, gave 39 voyages, carrying 45,500 packages of goods, besides treasure, and 2,500 passengers, and show a return of upwards of 56,000. From Mirzapore, a great mart on the Ganges, it is reckoned that 18,000 tons of cotton, 2,000 tons of sugar, 1,000 tons of saltpetre, 1,500 tons of indigo and 1,300 tons of shell-lac and lac dye, are annually sent down to Calcutta; whilst there is received at Mirzapore from Calcutta, yearly, 3,000 tons of metal and hardware, 5,000 bales of twist, 3,000 packages of British silk and cotton goods, and 10,000 packages of other piece goods. The far greater part of the enormous traffic on the Ganges is carried on by means of the native craft."

The general features of Mr. Robinson's plan are as follows.—

"Up to 1844, no attempt had been made by private parties to follow the example set by the East India Company, and the navigation of the Ganges by native river boats and the steamers of the Government of India remained such as has been described. In that year the writer arrived in India, and, after the examination of the subject referred to, and communicating his views to his friends, a Company was formed for establishing and running a line of iron steamers upon his plans for conveying freight and passengers between Calcutta and Allahabad or Mirzapore, and to which was given the name of the GANGES STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY. The Ganges Company decided to order three steamers in the first instance, but shortly afterwards increased the number to five, and entrusted the writer's firm to supply them. The views which guided him in laying down the design of the new steamers were these:—1st. That the time required by Government steamers for performing the distance was excessive, and that it should be done in one-half the time, in order to develop fully the advantages of Steam Navigation;—consequently, that higher speed was necessary for the new steamers. 2nd. That the speed was not attainable upon the double vessel or tug system; and consequently, that the engines and

cargo should go into a single vessel of adequate size and suitable form. 3rd. That the single vessel system is more economical of power than the double vessel or tug system; that is to say, a single steamer, capable of carrying a weight of 100 tons, will not require as many horses' power to propel it at any given speed as two vessels carrying between them 100 tons. \* \* 4th. That the greater length and breadth of vessel or larger area thus requisite could navigate the Soonderbunds, could be made manageable under the difficulties of the river, and could be constructed of suitable strength and lightness of draught. 5th. That in the same measure that the time of the voyage is shortened, the number of voyages in a year are increased. You either then augment the profits, or can lower the rate for carrying freight and passengers with an equal profit, and a corresponding benefit to the public. 6th. That a single large and powerful steamer could take a heavy extra cargo during the rainy season of four months annually, when there is ample depth of water in every part of the river. 7th. That as respects passengers, by placing the passenger cabins upon deck, and 'forward' of the machinery and funnel, little annoyance or heat from that source would be experienced. In conformity with these views, it was determined that the first two of the new steamers should be adapted both for cargo and passengers, and have condensing engines; and the three others for cargo or freight only, with non-condensing engines."

The first establishment of Mr. Robinson's steam-vessels on the Ganges is stated at page 49 of his book. The vessels there described are of a very large class,—nearly 200 feet long and 30 feet wide; and he has a still larger class, 250 feet long and 40 feet wide, designed for cargo only. These carry from 400 to 600 tons of cargo, according to the depth of water.

What the East India Company might do for the improvement of the river itself is indicated below. After urging an improvement of the pilot service, the writer proceeds:—

"When the size of the Ganges river and the large volume of water poured down by it, even in the dry season, are mentioned, persons unacquainted with the rivers of India are apt to smile incredulously on its being added that the depth in the channel in many places does not exceed 3 feet 6 inches or 4 feet in the dry season. The fact, however, cannot be doubted for a moment. Again, when it is considered that a steamer that can carry only itself at 2 feet 6 inches draught, shall carry 200 tons at 3 feet 6 inches, 400 tons at 4 feet 6 inches, it will be perceived that the last foot is worth the other three and a half. A consequence flowing from this, is that with the first-named draught of water, the steamer, if dependent upon freight, could only be run at a loss; with the second, would probably pay a profit; and with the third, would return a large profit. \* \* The importance of increased depth, thus shown to be so great, naturally leads to the inquiry whether it is practicable to obtain it, and if it be practicable, whether at an expense that could be met. \* \* It has already been stated that the bed of the river is composed of sand; the exceptions (of which there are a few) do not affect the question, because there is abundance of depth over the hard parts of its bed. This sandy formation, which is the cause of the evil of the extreme shallowness, affords facilities for remedying it; and the deepening of the channel where necessary, without permanent or costly engineering works, is a task which the author believes to be perfectly practicable. All that is wanted is to aid the slow but certain powers of Nature by the application of scientific skill and practical experience, combined with the cheap labour and the simple means and appliances already in existence in India, and with, in some places, the steam engine applied to machinery afloat. In some places the improvements might be effected in a single season, whilst in other cases years of steady perseverance in the necessary measures would be required; and even when the deepening is accomplished, the same measures must be continued in a lesser degree, in order to secure what may have been gained. The principles upon which these views are based, are.—1st. That the water of the Ganges holds in suspension the fine sand with which it forms the shallows, the bars, and the banks. 2nd. That just

in the measure that the water is kept in agitation (whether by the natural action of the current or other means,) will it hold more or less of this fine sand in suspension. 3rd. That wherever the agitation exceeds a certain degree at any spot, there the water is deepening; and wherever at any spot it is minus this degree of agitation, there the water is shoaling. This is aptly illustrated by a circumstance of common occurrence to the new steamers. From the great length of one of these vessels, when it gets aground upon a shallow in an oblique position with respect to the direction of the current, the water on the side where the velocity is increased by the obstruction of the vessel becomes in a little time deeper, and a channel is formed which generally enables her to be got off; and on the other, or lee side, where the velocity of the current is diminished, it shoals up so that in a few hours (should the vessel remain fast as long) a sand-bank makes its appearance above the surface of the water, upon which one may jump out. But an example of what was done by very small means, in an instance that came within the author's knowledge, will serve to show more definitely what might be done to improve the navigation by adequate measures. In the month of April (the worst part of the dry season) in 1847, at a place a few miles above Benares, the water had gradually shallowed to 2 feet 6 inches. Upon this shoal several of the Government steamers, at well as the new steamer Benares, stuck fast, and met with much detention before getting off. Being near a military station, the officers in command of it took great interest in the proceedings of getting off the Benares; and after she had passed down, he in the most spirited manner (acting upon the writer's suggestion, that some good result might be produced by manual interposition) collected a number of natives, whom he directed so skillfully to disturb the sand at the bottom of the water with pointed poles or bamboos, that, in a few days, as much of the sand had been carried away by the current, that a channel through the shoal of 4½ feet deep, and amply wide enough for a steamer, was thus formed. This channel then remained open during the rest of the dry season, and the steamers passed through it without once grounding. Should the Indian Government seriously turn its attention to the truly important matter of improving the Navigation of the Ganges, it would be highly desirable, in order to obtain something like a guarantee for the carrying out of the great work, and when carried out, for its being preserved in at least an equally available state,—that the principle of making the remuneration of the Engineer-in-chief commensurate with the amount of good effected rather than with the duration of service, was adopted from the first, and continued ever afterwards. The field is grand and vast, let a fit labourer be selected to operate in it, and let him be paid for his work, and that liberally. The means of effecting the contemplated improvements would not be wanting: they may indeed be said to exist already in the tolls collected on the boats passing through the Bhaugrutee to the amount of 16,000*l.*, and through the Soonderbunds to the amount of 17,000*l.* per annum, and even additional tolls would be readily and freely paid both by the Native boat and the Steam traffic for real improvements in the navigation; but, as already observed, permanent and costly engineering works are not necessary, and it is believed the outlay required would be very moderate, whilst enormous good to the country would be the result."

It thus appears that the energy and enterprise of a single Englishman, unaided by Government and even experiencing opposition from them as competitors, have been successful in greatly improving the system of navigating the Ganges. Mr. Robinson has shown in what way the rulers of India may henceforth proceed to carry out the navigation not only of that river, but of the Indus, of the Five Rivers, and of other large navigable streams of the country. Whether or not railways may be profitably established in India remains to be seen; but it is proved that waterways exist which can, by means of large and powerful boats, be rendered available at once for a system of steam communication at a velocity of from 10 to 12 miles an hour. We see no reason why the natural action of the current or other means, will it hold more or less of this fine sand in suspension. 3rd. That wherever the agitation exceeds a certain degree at any spot, there the water is deepening; and wherever at any spot it is minus this degree of agitation, there the water is shoaling. This is aptly illustrated by a circumstance of common occurrence to the new steamers. From the great length of one of these vessels, when it gets aground upon a shallow in an oblique position with respect to the direction of the current, the water on the side where the velocity is increased by the obstruction of the vessel becomes in a little time deeper, and a channel is formed which generally enables her to be got off; and on the other, or lee side, where the velocity of the current is diminished, it shoals up so that in a few hours (should the vessel remain fast as long) a sand-bank makes its appearance above the surface of the water, upon which one may jump out. But an example of what was done by very small means, in an instance that came within the author's knowledge, will serve to show more definitely what might be done to improve the navigation by adequate measures. In the month of April (the worst part of the dry season) in 1847, at a place a few miles above Benares, the water had gradually shallowed to 2 feet 6 inches. Upon this shoal several of the Government steamers, at well as the new steamer Benares, stuck fast, and met with much detention before getting off. Being near a military station, the officers in command of it took great interest in the proceedings of getting off the Benares; and after she had passed down, he in the most spirited manner (acting upon the writer's suggestion, that some good result might be produced by manual interposition) collected a number of natives, whom he directed so skillfully to disturb the sand at the bottom of the water with pointed poles or bamboos, that, in a few days, as much of the sand had been carried away by the current, that a channel through the shoal of 4½ feet deep, and amply wide enough for a steamer, was thus formed. This channel then remained open during the rest of the dry season, and the steamers passed through it without once grounding. Should the Indian Government seriously turn its attention to the truly important matter of improving the Navigation of the Ganges, it would be highly desirable, in order to obtain something like a guarantee for the carrying out of the great work, and when carried out, for its being preserved in at least an equally available state,—that the principle of making the remuneration of the Engineer-in-chief commensurate with the amount of good effected rather than with the duration of service, was adopted from the first, and continued ever afterwards. The field is grand and vast, let a fit labourer be selected to operate in it, and let him be paid for his work, and that liberally. The means of effecting the contemplated improvements would not be wanting: they may indeed be said to exist already in the tolls collected on the boats passing through the Bhaugrutee to the amount of 16,000*l.*, and through the Soonderbunds to the amount of 17,000*l.* per annum, and even additional tolls would be readily and freely paid both by the Native boat and the Steam traffic for real improvements in the navigation; but, as already observed, permanent and costly engineering works are not necessary, and it is believed the outlay required would be very moderate, whilst enormous good to the country would be the result."



why by an extension of the same system a speed of 15 miles an hour may not be attained.

On the Indus there seems little more of difficulty than is experienced on the Ganges. The current is more rapid,—and therefore speed and power are the more requisite; but for about 500 miles there are not less than 5 feet of water,—and therefore no obstacle exists up to that point for even the largest class of vessels quoted. Beyond that, the smaller class will be effective for 500 miles more.

Mr. Bourne's pamphlet consists of a report made by him to a party of gentlemen in England interested in the enterprise of extending steam navigation in India by private funds. It would seem that there is abundant scope for both the exertions of the East India Company and the energy of individuals. From Mr. Bourne's book it will be gathered that there is ample room and demand on the Godavery and the Nerbudda Rivers, as well as on the Ganges and Indus, to open up avenues of extensive mercantile communication. He proposes that four vessels of a yet lighter construction and less draught of water than any that have hitherto been made should be constructed, so as to navigate the upper reaches of those shallow streams that have not yet been touched by steam navigation; and that these should sail on as little as twelve inches of water,—with wheels to help them off or over sandbanks when requisite. Here is a new field for enterprise and experiment which does not interfere with anything already established,—but will, if successful, extend steam navigation to points, as we have said, hitherto unvisited by it. Mr. Bourne has been in India as an engineer of one of the proposed railroads; and having examined the country well, has returned with the opinion that for many years to come steam navigation must play a much more important part in the traffic of India than the railway system:—first, because the rivers exist while the railways do not,—secondly, because the economy of water conveyance will exceed that of railways.

Mr. Bourne's pamphlet contains much interesting information regarding the traffic of the Indian rivers,—showing the probability of a large return for skilful enterprise on their waters. As a specimen of the matter of interest which its pages present, we give the following passage on the colonization of Cashmere.

"Though not falling strictly within the business of this report, I nevertheless take occasion to mention, that perhaps one of the main advantages of the establishment of Steam Navigation upon the Indus is the facility it would afford for colonizing Cashmere, and other contiguous districts in the hills, with an English population, holding their lands by a military tenure. Such a Colony would constitute a great fortress, that would overawe the whole of central Asia, and obviate the necessity of having so large a standing army in the Punjab. And as the climate of Cashmere is one that would be congenial to the English constitution, and as Steam Navigation upon the Indus and Jailum would render the country easily approachable, it may be presumed that there would not be much difficulty in the establishment of a colony in the manner suggested. Cashmere is about 130 miles long and about 20 miles broad, and is encircled by a range of lofty mountains, through one of which the Jailum has worn a passage, and which chain constitutes a pass or gate by which the valley is entered from the Punjab. The population which, twenty-five years ago, was 800,000, is now only 200,000; and the oppression of the Sikhs, who conquered the country in 1819, has been such as to have nearly extinguished trade of every kind. The natives of the country are a most ingenious people, but have lost their martial spirit during a long course of oppression; and there are large tracts of rich land which would be available for settlers, and for the produce of which a ready outlet would be afforded. Cashmere supplies the whole of India with saffron,

and its attar of roses is much superior to the Persian, or to that of any other country. Rice is grown with great success, and also maize, gram, wheat, barley, and millet; and the whole of the fruits and vegetables usual in England are producible in great perfection. The country is also favourable to the production of silk. The shawls of Cashmere find their way into all countries, and fire-arms and cutlery of a most perfect description are made by the native artisans. The paper of Cashmere is finer than that made in India; the lacquered ware is highly valued; and the production of the lapidaries in rock crystal and chalcedony display much taste and skill. Whether as regards the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the docile industry of its inhabitants or the strength of its position, Cashmere seems to be pointed out as an eligible site for a colony which would constitute a bulwark against the invasion of India from the north-west, and at the same time overawe India and the Punjab by the spectacle of a little England on the frontier, following the ordinary avocations of peace, but prepared for war on any emergency. The most economical mode of establishing an English colony in the manner suggested would probably be, to recruit an army for India in England, on the understanding that, after a certain period of service, the whole army, both officers and men, should be settled in Cashmere, receiving each a tract of land on the condition that he and his descendants should be ready to do military service for it when required. It might be a further advantage if the persons thus settling were to form alliances with the Syah Posh, a people of the Hindoo Koosh inhabiting Kafiristan, lying on the north of Cabool, and who are reputed to be the descendants of the Greeks settled at Bactra by Alexander. The Syah Posh are a fair and handsome people, and for ages have held their country, in spite of the combined machinations of the Mahometan nations around to dispossess them of it; and the alliance of this people would be tantamount to the establishment of another colony in the mountains north of Cabool, whereby the ultimate occupation of the valley of Cabool and of the Pass of Bamian would be facilitated, should that measure appear desirable at any future time. It will be obvious to the most cursory observer, that while the establishment of Steam Navigation upon the Indus would facilitate the colonization of Cashmere and the Himalaya, the establishment of such colonies would, in return, necessarily augment the Indus trade: and it is only with reference to its operation upon the Indus trade that the question has here to be considered. Apart, however, from the accession of trade due to this cause, the fact of establishing upon the Indus steamers of the kind proposed would increase the demand of the Punjab for such articles as woollen cloths, locks, hinges and screws, and copper, lead and other metals. It does not appear probable that the cotton fabrics of that country would be supplanted immediately by those of England, which, though finer, are not so thick or so well adapted to a climate which, in winter, is exceedingly cold."

The East India Company may be congratulated on the great and rapid extension of mercantile intercourse and wealth which these volumes appear to promise for their territories,—especially for their new acquisition. They have annexed a country already threaded by great ways of communication in districts rich in agricultural means, and capable of raising in unlimited quantity all the valuable products of a tropical clime. Sugar, cotton, tea seem equally to find here a congenial soil and climate. The Company have but, it would seem, to avail themselves of their resources by means which are ready to their hand,—in order that the blessings of civilization may follow rapidly on the path of war and conquest, and that the people of that great Oriental continent may be enabled to enjoy in the highest degree the beneficent rule of wise and virtuous Englishmen.

*The Ballad of Edwin and Emma.* By David Mallet. With Notes and Illustrations, by Frederick T. Dinsdale, Esq. L.L.D. Bell. ABOUT four miles from Barnard Castle, on the Tees in Yorkshire (a scene rendered familiar to many by the pencil of Mr. Turner), is a village

called Bowes, distinguished for the remains of a noble Norman keep and for the following entry in its parish register:—

"Rodger Wrightson, jun. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave: He died in a Fever, and upon tolling his Passing Bell, she cryd out my heart is broken, and in a Few hours Expired, purely through Love, March 15th, 1714-15." After the word 'purely' is added in a later handwriting, "as supposed,"—and at the end is added, "aged about 20 years each." This account is confirmed and illustrated by a letter, without date, written from a curate at Bowes to a friend in Cumberland.—

"To Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.

"Worthy Sir,—As to the affair mentioned in yours; it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my Clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows. The family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden, Railton. They were both much of the same age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as *amor vincet omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that *blood* was nothing without *groots*. The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'night after. On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome,—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.—I am, dear sir, yours, &c."

On this simple and touching story, Mallet, it is well known, founded his beautiful ballad of 'Edwin and Emma,' first printed by the Baskervilles at Birmingham in 1760,—subsequently illustrated by the late Mr. Arnald the landscape painter,—and now illustrated by Dr. Dinsdale in a matter-of-fact style worthy of Ritson or of Tom Hearne. All that the Will Office of the Archdeaconry of Richmond in Yorkshire can supply about the Wrightsons and the Railtons, and every entry in the parish register of Bowes, have been inspected (and if thought necessary quoted) in illustration of the subject. Dr. Dinsdale's great merit is that of exhausting every probable source of information:—and equal industry spent in illustration of a more important subject would have led the same gentleman to equally curious and more important results. Had he made a real Yorkshire worthy, Edward Fairfax the translator of Tasso, for instance, the Rodger Wrightson of his untiring and successful researches, the future biographer of our poets would have had a less barren story to tell than is now, unfortunately, the case of a really great name in English literature.

Dr. Dinsdale was at school for some time at Bowes,—and became in this way acquainted with the homes, if not with the story, of Edwin and Emma. Such is his enthusiasm on the subject, that he has recently marked the grave of his hero and heroine with a tasteful unpretending monument and a brief and suitable inscription. In this he has not even mentioned his own name:—an omission which some



future Old Mortality will we trust make good.—That his example will be contagious we doubt:—though there are other subjects of a similar character equally inviting and still in need of illustration. The Lives and Loves of John Hewit and Sarah Drew, two lovers struck dead by lightning, with their genealogies and wills, might make an entertaining volume for the Percy or Camden Societies. Their sad fate has been commented on by Pope and Gay—imitated in part by Thomson in his 'Celadon and Amelia,'—and the epitaph by Pope has been parodied by Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Here are materials to go to work upon. Then, the monument at Stanton Harcourt (which we saw the other day) is in need of restoration. Will no Stanton Harcourt enthusiast do as much for John Hewit and Sarah Drew as Dr. Dinsdale has done for Rodger Wrightson and Martha Railton?

Dr. Dinsdale has prefixed a brief, and as far as it goes an accurate, memoir of Mallet. But the poet of 'Edwin and Emma' deserved a fuller biography at his hands. Not that Mallet is by any means even a second-rate poet; but his life is worth writing from the particular parts which he played in a variety of transactions. He was hired by Bolingbroke to traduce Pope; he was Bolingbroke's literary executor; he was secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III.; he was, in conjunction with Glover, intrusted by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough with the papers of the hero of Blenheim, and paid by the Duchess for a life which he was to write, but of which he never wrote a line; he had an active hand in Byng's execution; and he helped materially to confirm the religious opinions of Gibbon the historian. Nor is this all. It is of Mallet that Wedderburn said, "I feel an unaccountable propensity to believe the contrary of what he tells me,"—and that Johnson said, "he was ready for any dirty job." "I never caught Mallet," said the same authority, "in a Scotch accent; and yet Mallet was past five-and-twenty before he came to London." Of how few Scotchmen can this be said!

*A Narrative of Events in Vienna, from Latour to Windischgrätz.* By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by J. E. Taylor. Bogue.

THE daily newspaper is the great Chronicler of the nineteenth century:—which indeed required a steel pen and a steam press to record it and to keep pace with its hurrying events. The trumpet which yesterday startled the lazy tents of the North is to-day heard in the South,—another and another nation has arisen from its leaden sleep of ages,—and we are eagerly looking in a fresh direction, unable to give even a glance at what so lately engrossed all our thoughts and feelings. So be it! We must leave to another age and generation the task of testing the character of that chronicle which feeds and satisfies ourselves. We have no leisure in these stirring times for analysis or comparison,—no time to link causes and consequences together,—no opportunity of separating truth from falsehood.

Under other circumstances and at another period, this little volume would have been most welcome; but the stirring incident on which it is founded has become old in interest amid newer appeals,—and all hearts are now with Kossuth and his gallant countrymen. Yet the consequences of the passing Revolution which stirred up the old Austrian people will never die.—

Who overcomes  
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

The humanities and conventionalities which held together the old Government and the people—the friendly and family feeling that made an Austrian despotism endurable in Austria—are

gone for ever. Windischgrätz and Jellachich, the Croats and the Camarilla, may, with the aid of Russian bayonets and barbarism, have their triumph of the hour;—but restorations are impossible. The past is a fact which neither sovereign nor people can forget. And what a past! From September to November is a period of three months only:—yet how distant the one date is from the other may be read on the title-page of this book. It is "from Latour to Windischgrätz"!

But, as before acknowledged, we have no time for speculation; and must, therefore, be content to glean here and there such scenes as will bring the place and the hour most vividly before the reader. We were told, for example—all Europe resounded with the tale—that during those eventful three months Vienna was in a state of anarchy. Let us test this assertion by the report of an eye-witness.—

"The Diet continues its sittings peaceably, and is regarded by all as the legitimate safeguard and sheet-anchor of the State. The Camarilla has been the only object of hostility, which continued to play off its secret intrigues, during the existence of the constitutional government, and at will superseding its powers. Latour fell a victim; he met with a just punishment, but perpetrated in an unrighteous manner, for his treachery to truth. For the very reason that no revolution has taken place within Vienna, the Court party seem resolved to force it into one from without; and yet Vienna now stands merely on the defensive, in a position of self-defence against hordes of barbarians.

"October 12.

"In the Diet at noon Schuselka reported on the negotiations with Auersperg. The latter has left the Belvedere, and taken up a position outside the city. His union with Jellachich is generally expected. In the afternoon I went for the first time with some friends to the Central Committee of the democratic clubs, which holds its permanent sittings in the hotel 'Zur Ente.' The meetings are held in a large room on the second story. In every corner stood weapons, carbines, muskets, and swords; heaps of balls and cartridges were seen in the open cupboards. At one end of the room, a young man, in the dress of the Academic Legion, was stretched upon a bed, sleeping calmly. The poor fellow had gone through enough toil and disquiet when awake, and he now slept on, heedless of the noise around. On the opposite side of the room sat the enigmatical Chaisés, a kind of Cagliostro in politics, on whom every one looks with a mental reserve, but who nevertheless exercises an undeniable influence as if with a diabolical power. There he sat counting out to some newsmen the money they had to pay for placards and the like. Dr. Tausenau, a man just turned of forty, with a dark complexion, full features, and a rather pointed chin, who is said to possess next to Schütte the greatest command of speech, presided at a long table in the middle of the room. A secretary sat by his side taking minutes of the proceedings, and next to him Ludwig Eckart, his fine figure set off to advantage by the military dress. Like many others who at the present time ride the wild horse of ultra-democracy, he formerly devoted himself exclusively to the spiritless Viennese *belles lettres*, and shed his ink freely in newspaper battles. Jellinek also was present, the busy, political Magus from the North. His transparent features bespeak great mental activity, while his rather emaciated figure is a living proof that abstractions do not make a man stout; his manner is perpetually restless, his hands are always in motion; one minute he rushes as it were upon his opponent, and the next he starts back to fix the spectacles on the bridge of his nose. Jellinek belongs to a class of men who are thoroughly upright, but whose natures are at the same time forced; partly from a consistency to his adopted or self-discovered principles, partly from the rapid succession of events, he has been carried beyond his own natural opinions. In his desire, as he fancies, not to remain behind his own convictions and the march of events, he presses forward beyond the mark; hence arises his feverish impatience, his confusedness in discussion, appealing to a thousand irrelevant mat-

ters, all which together prevent any proper debate. There is a kind of rash fanaticism in men of such forced natures, which does not allow the opposite arguments to be calmly presented and discussed; the art of listening, of entering with fidelity and candour into another man's views, is here lost. Whilst his opponent is speaking, the listener stands, so to say, ready with the arrow of thought in his hand, waiting to let it fly as soon as the speaker stops, and—he shoots into the air. \* \* \* Another remarkable man in this meeting was Dr. Frank,—a man of an imposing and powerful figure, as if formed for a suit of armour. There was a discussion to-day, whether, as a well-trained soldier, he might not be invested with the military command of Vienna. He and Messenhausen were the candidates of the democratic party, whilst another party (which had properly no name) wanted to have a retired officer named Spitzhül appointed to the command."

We will now visit the Students' Committee.—

"The court-yard of the Aula was filled with a crowd of armed men,—in fact at this time there was scarcely a man to be seen without arms. Upon the assurance of our conductor we were admitted, and mounted two flights of stairs. On the stairs we heard one man calling to another, warning him not to go about with loaded arms; and in fact, considering how many thousands of people, who never handled a gun before, are now running about with firearms, it is wonderful that so few accidents occur. — In the corridor students were lying about upon straw, and glasses of wine stood on a bench; large bags of tobacco and cigars, sent by the Municipal Council for the common use, were being carried into the different rooms. We entered the room in which the Permanent Committee held its meetings. There was a conscientious earnestness in the proceedings of the Committee which could not be mistaken. Reports came flowing in, and the people had to be kept back, that each might be heard in turn. Here, a spy has been taken; one of the students is ordered to go with him into the examination-room. Another man comes with a complaint that the armed people do not keep together, and that there is a want of ammunition, etc.—he is referred to the Commander-in-chief. A third brings a report of facts attesting the arbitrary conduct and cruelties of the troops on the Belvedere: these are entered in the Minutes. The inhabitants of a neighbouring village send all their arms, to prevent their falling into the hands of Jellachich. All and every one hasten in the first place to lay their representations before the students' Committee. This is the public body in nearest connection with the people, and the authority of which they most readily acknowledge. The impression produced by the whole proceedings was of a thoroughly manly and earnest character. A young student of the name of Hofer, with noble features, and a voice evidently subdued by protracted exertion and want of sleep, was just then presiding. A gentle hint was at once sufficient to direct and regulate the discussions. \* \* \* I had a desire to see the Croats, and we were conducted into the room where they were confined. The apartment was tolerably spacious, and the furniture consisted of some chairs and a bench: straw was strewn on the floor on each side, the length of the room. In one corner sat a man, his chin pressed upon his clenched fist, eyeing us with a fixed stare. At the window stood a group, conversing in a strange language, and close by sat a fellow squatted on the floor, mending his trousers; by his side lay another, stretched out at full length, fast asleep; whilst others again, likewise extended on the floor, looked up at us, their chin pressed into their hand. Upon a chair by the door sat a young man, with red cheeks and a fair complexion; but a short time ago he had been a student at Vienna, and when taken prisoner he was disguised as an old man with grey hair and grey beard. The Croats, with their close-fitting trousers and dirty shirts, their feet wound round with rags, had a perfectly foreign look and lineaments—a narrow forehead, brown eyes, turned-up nose, well formed mouth and chin, black hair and dark complexion. Besides the evident consciousness of imprisonment, which did not however seem to weigh heavily on them, their features had that inexpressible cast of melancholy, which is seen in the human face when the powers of man's nature are not fully and freely developed. Naturalists find

this feature also in the higher species of animals, especially among dogs. I say this without any intention further than to explain what I mean by this melancholy cast of expression. I confess that it gave me a feeling of sadness to see these poor fellows, allured away from their Steppes by a bold intriguer, for more mad purposes of murder and ambition. \* \* \* We left the room. A man was pacing up and down the corridor, dressed in a brown paletot, and with white hair, upon which was stuck a cap embroidered with red and gold. A handsome student with a large brown beard walked by his side, conversing with the old man and paying him great respect. The latter was the Hungarian minister, General Kossuth, who was a prisoner here in the Aula, but appeared not at all to feel ill-at-ease. We also went into the room where the examinations are held. There sat a student before a desk, which was placed upon the floor; by his side was the secretary. One of the National Guards brought in a woman for examination,—a figure stranger than the liveliest imagination could paint. She had on a faded, rumpled, green silk bonnet, with a long old-fashioned pearl, a red handkerchief tied round her forehead, a short silk cloak which had once been blue, a large brown apron and large men's boots; a toothless, dirty, sallow face, and dark pinched-up eyes with a weary expression, glancing quickly from one side to another, and smiling at every one, completed the picture of this strange apparition. The National Guard had just surprised her in the act of secretly giving a letter to a man, which he was to put into the post outside the city. He had taken her into custody, with the letter, and brought her to the Aula. The letter was in a lady's fine handwriting, and addressed to the Countess Bathany at Ischl. I could not learn its contents. It was natural to suspect that this person was a man in disguise; she was ordered to take off her bonnet and head-gear, and a profusion of short black hair appeared. Some grenadiers, however, who came in, recognized her to be a female soldier, and she now declared that her name was Antonia von Höpfner, a lady of noble birth, and that she was blessed with four children, in saying which she raised four of her fingers. I did not hear what became of the strange creature, for at this moment there was an uproar in the court of the Aula as in a storm. The dead body of a student was just brought in, which had been found on the Belvedere, after the departure of the troops. The corpse was frightfully mutilated. \* \* \* And now there rose in the Aula shouts and howling and heart-rending cries for vengeance, such as I had never before heard. The women wept and wailed aloud; and the men—not students, not proletarians—raised their arms and wore vengeance on the House of Habsburg and Ferdinand 'the kind.' I saw one burly old man, the tears running down his cheeks, crying out till he was hoarse, 'Vengeance on Habsburg! Thus the poor Emperor has us murdered, because a single man has been killed!' In the scene before me I beheld the flames of revolt break forth in the breasts of the most easy-tempered people on the face of the earth, and saw to what lengths their spirit can be driven by infamous perfidy. 'To the Diet! to the Diet!' cried several voices, and instantly 'To the Diet!' resounded on every side. Thither the dead body was borne, preceded by a black flag; that the members of the Diet should see how the troops of the Emperor dealt with his people. Schuselka came down, and pacified the crowd with a few words. But when the Prince Lubomirski set eyes upon the corpse the sight drove him stark mad upon the spot. 'O Jellachich! O Jellachich!' he is said to have exclaimed, before the madness came upon him. \* \* \* I confess I grew giddy on the towering waves of the revolutionary storm: I felt worn out by all I had witnessed and gone through to-day.

On another occasion the author observes:—  
"I again attended the sitting of the Committee; the demeanour of the students inspires me with increasing admiration. To see men so young, gifted with such power and energy, yet withal carefully avoiding all excess, proves a healthy mind."

Here is a picture in a single sentence.—  
"This is the second Sunday that no bell has tolled. People, especially the women, walk silently to church. The mighty St. Stephen has sounded the

alarm by day and by night, and how can he call to prayer? In the streets every one is armed, not a child is to be seen."

We advance another week.—

"October 21st.

"The third quiet Sunday yet amidst so much disquiet! \* \* \* The manifesto of the Emperor, which had been talked of, came to light to-day: it speaks of nothing but the horrors that have transpired in Vienna, and proclaims that Prince Windischgrätz had received unlimited authority and the supreme command of all the troops, excepting the Italian ones, with orders to march upon Vienna, 'the seat of the insurrection.' This Manifesto bears date the 16th of October—the very same day on which the Emperor expressed to the Deputation from the Diet his 'full acknowledgment' for their suppression of anarchy."

Here are pictures of a more exciting class and character.—

"October 26th.

"It has been repeatedly said that troops had gone over to the people, and many believed this; to-day a number of soldiers approached the Leopoldstadt, bearing white flags, under the show of fraternizing with the citizens, upon whom they opened a murderous fire. This is an honourable mode of warfare truly! The Tabor, the Prater and Augarten are occupied by the military. The Leopoldstadt is said to be incapable of holding out any longer. The country around Vienna is in flames. In the Diet Schuselka observed, that the conflagration spoke louder than any words, and could not fail to enlighten those who had hitherto not seen, or been wilfully blind to, the events that had transpired."

"October 28th.

"This then is the decisive day of battle. The distant roar of artillery is heard early in the morning; the *générale* is beaten in all the streets, the alarm bell sounds from St. Stephen's, and the quick tread of cavalry is heard. The house in which I am staying fronts one of the most crowded streets, and my apartment looks on to a small side street. I cannot describe the painful restlessness which overcomes me, sitting here quietly, whilst abroad thousands are engaged in the struggle of life and death. A Polish Deputy, who lives close by, came to call on me; he too could not remain alone in such a time of excitement. Conversation goes on, but the words drop unheard and unheeded. My landlady joined us; a younger sister of hers had come in from the suburbs with her little child; her husband was one of the National Guards, and engaged in the battle. By a sudden impulse all the inhabitants of the house were drawn together—persons who ordinarily never exchanged a word: people were conversing on the staircase, and in the hall, although there was nothing to communicate, but a general feeling of anxiety. One had a brother, another a son, or a father, at that moment in the fight. I own that I had a feeling of shame at not being in arms myself. I need not explain here my personal position, and the considerations attached to it, nor was there any longer a question as to the object of the struggle—it was a general conflict, in which no one, however untrained, could remain an idle spectator. I had declared my readiness to devote my powers to the internal service of the city. The people of the house had all come running together as if a sudden conflagration had broken out, and they now dispersed again on seeing that they could not extinguish it. \* \* \* A sitting of the Diet was fixed for noon to-day: we went thither armed. The sun shone gloriously, but the shops were all closed; only here and there a person appeared timidly, and vanished quickly again into some house or by-street. The quiet of the streets was like that of a calm moonlight night, when all are asleep. \* \* \* The assembly of the Diet was postponed, and the hall closed; we therefore returned to my dwelling, and the hours which we now passed are among the most painful I spent during the whole of this period."

We have quoted enough to enable the reader to judge how far the work is likely to suit his taste:—and have only to add, that there is prefixed a summary of the political changes which preceded the outburst.

*Lives of the Lindsays; or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres.* By Lord Lindsay, &c. 3 vols. Murray.

We shall hardly be accused of nourishing superstitions in favour of the exclusive and unalienable virtues of what the Spaniard calls "blue blood" while we point out that few subjects open such far-reaching and picturesque veins of interest and speculation as those of ancestry and descent. "Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to be insensible to the spell of an old family mansion, with its portraits and memorials belonging to every age of Art and every epoch of history—each having its own tradition? From the most ancient nameless piece of painted grimness down to the statesmen and "high dames of Honour," carefully limned by a Mytens, a Vansomer, or a Jamieson,—from the most Gothic effigy cut in stone or carved in wood to the most Della-Cruscan bust by modern Roman sculptor,—from the most elaborate family-piece of the father and mother with their progeny of sons and daughters around them to the sketchy, faded miniature of the Poor Relation who died young,—there is not a picture or an image which has not its life, its pathos, or its lesson. For the same reasons any old family history conscientiously executed must possess an attraction for men of thoughtful and poetical minds. It does not follow, nevertheless, that every pedigree shall be as rich in virtues, honours, and incidents as that which is here emblazoned. It appears to have been a habit among the Lindsays—especially during the last century—to write memoirs and preserve traditions. To a Norman gentleman, M. Toustain de Richebourg, our chronicler is indebted for many of his archæological materials; while abundance of lighter matter, concerning more modern times and persons, has been gathered from journals, diaries, and memorials kept by the Lindsays:—among whom Lady Anne Barnard, the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray' and the "Sister Anne" of George the Fourth, deserves honourable mention. But this is not all. However good the fare, it may be spoilt in the dressing by a clumsy or a tedious pair of hands. To return to our figure,—it is by no means a constant fact that every heraldic painter shall execute his labour of love and reverence with so much sincerity, delicacy and patience as Lord Lindsay has. He has given us a book which Scott would have delighted to honour.

The "lightsome Lindsays" are of French origin. Before their name was naturalized on this side of the Channel (to be spelt, as an appendical document exhibits it, in nearly a hundred different ways) it was De Limesay, "of that ilk" in the "Pays de Caux" near Pavilly, five leagues north-west of Rouen; and "Randolph de Limesay," said to have been sister's son to the Conqueror, was the first of the Anglo-Norman stock who settled in England. His descendant, Walter, settled in Scotland in the time of David the First. From this point—thanks to seals, charters, traditions, monuments, and "the harper's rhyme"—his descendant has been able to trace something like a connected history down to his own times. Of course, there is no following this with minuteness or connexion; since there is hardly a page without its temptation for the student of manners or the weaver of romances. By pausing here and there on a trait or a figure we shall best justify the character above given, and most fairly indicate the amount of treasure stored in this delightful book.

In the earlier portions we find a wealth of impressive and romantic legends. To begin,



for instance, with the doom of the murderers of the Red Cumyn.—

"From yet another William, (de Lindsay) uncle of Sir William of Simontoun, and younger son of the first Sir William of Luffness, descended the powerful House of Craige and Thurston, of whom Sir Walter and Sir James, mentioned in a preceding page as partisans of Wallace and Bruce, were successively representatives. Sir James, the accomplice in the murder of the Red Cumyn in the church of the Minorites at Dumfries, was succeeded by another Sir James, his eldest son and heir, in whose person the sacrifice of the father was visited by a fearful retribution, as recorded by the ancient chroniclers. Sir James and Roger Kirkpatrick, as you may recollect, were partners in the deed. 'The body of the slaughtered Cumyn was watched during the night by the Franciscans with the usual rites of the Church. But at midnight the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard with terror and surprise a voice like that of a wailing infant exclaim, 'How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?' It was answered in an awful tone, 'Endure with patience until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time.'—In the year 1357," says Sir Walter Scott, "fifty-two years after Cumyn's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the Castle of Caerlaverock in Dumfriesshire, belonging to Rodger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of Cumyn. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poured in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken at break of day not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II." Sir James, thus untimely cut off, was succeeded by his son, Sir John Lindsay of Craige and Thurston, whose daughter and heiress Margaret carried the property into the family of Ricarton, ever since designed 'of Craige,' the representatives in the collateral male line of Sir William Wallace. The male representation of the Lindsays of Craige seems then to have devolved on the House of Dunroed, descended from John Lindsay, designed 'Dominus de Dunroed,' in 1360, and who would appear to have been a younger brother of Sir James of Craige, and younger son of the murderer of Cumyn. The Lindsays of Dunroed, a wild and warlike race, flourished for centuries in power and affluence, and their history is a dark and stormy one in perfect keeping with the legend attaching to the memory of their ancestor."

In a record like Lord Lindsay's the Feud "comes out" in as startling relief as the Omen or the Prophecy. The "doom of Inverquich,"—the family quarrels with "the House of Glamis,"—the battle with the "Ogilvies," and the soldering up of the strife,—successively furnish strange, graphic, stirring pages, and contrasts of a rude force which no imagination could invent. Then, from the times of Earl Randolph a Lindsay was sure to turn up whenever there was a political brawl; and those were ages when every political event was a brawl, when Hatred, like every other commodity and creature, was as savage as it was substantial, its language corresponding with its clothing and its achievements. By way of illustration we may take a passage from the life of "Earl Beattie," Alexander Lindsay of Crawford, who, in the fifteenth century, "shared the chief power in Scotland" with Douglas and Macdonald of the Isles, the titular Earl of Ross; they "forming a mutual and secret alliance offensive and defensive against all men, the King himself not excepted." This gradually got mixed up with a Yorkist intrigue; and before the close of 1451 it aimed at no less a feat than the dethronement of the young King.—

"It was about the commencement of the following year that the bond came to light. James sent for the Earl of Douglas to Stirling, and, after vainly entreating him to break the league, stabbed him, in a paroxysm of rage, with his own hand. Crawford immediately rose in rebellion, and assembling 'the hail

folks of Angus, and a great company of his kin and friends,' encamped at Brechin, with the intention of intercepting the Earl of Huntley—his old antagonist at Arbroath—now appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the kingdom, and who was hastening with an army of between three and four thousand men, composed chiefly of the Forbese, Ogilvies, and other loyal clans of the north-east of Scotland, to his sovereign's assistance,—James having in the meanwhile marched as far as Perth, with the object of effecting a junction with Huntley, and preventing Crawford from joining Douglas. The battle of Brechin was fought on Ascension-day, the 18th of May, 1452, at the Hair Cairn, on the moor, about two miles north-east of the town. The most determined courage was displayed on both sides, and though Crawford's army, gathered so hastily, was far outnumbered by the united force of the royalists, the victory remained for a long time uncertain, till a company of fresh Angusshire men came up to renew the battle, and, taking advantage of the hill-side, rushed so fiercely on Huntley's van guard, that his men were thrown into confusion and gave back. The Lindsays redoubled their efforts—the royalists retreated before their furious charge—the King's standard was in danger, and Crawford was on the point of victory, when, providentially for Scotland, the desertion of one of his most trusted vassals occasioned his defeat. This traitor was John Collace of Balmamoon, who, before the engagement, had requested Crawford that, in the event of their victory, his son might be put in fee of the lands of Ferne, which lay near his house and convenient for him. 'The time is short,' replied the Earl, 'stand bravely by me to-day, and prove yourself a valiant man, and you shall have all and more than your desire.' Whether Balmamoon was not contented with this answer, or whether, as appears to me more probable, he had some prior pique against the Earl, or whether, in fine, he hoped, by betraying his over-lord, to obtain the advantage of holding his lands directly of the Crown, I know not; but he instantly departed, as if he would have fought most furiously,—yet, when he saw his time come, when he should have supported his chief, who was then fighting 'cruelly,' and who, if duly seconded, would have won the field,—at this critical moment, I say, he drew off his division, consisting of three hundred men, armed with bills, broad-swords, battle-axes, and long-spears, on whom the Earl chiefly relied, and 'in whose hands the hail hope of victory stood that day,' aside from the left wing, where they were stationed; and thus left the middle ward, where Crawford fought, exposed and unprotected, the left wing being engaged by the enemy. Huntley seized the opportunity to assault and break the troops thus laid open, and the consequence was, that the Tiger's men, who were on the point of gaining the victory, were defeated, notwithstanding his frantic efforts to recover the day. He fled immediately to Finhaven. A son of Donald, Thane of Cawdor, who had been taunted with cowardice before the battle, and had fought valiantly throughout the day through the desire of regaining his character, pursued him so fiercely that he got into the midst of his immediate followers, and was compelled for safety to go along with them, as if he had been one of their party, into the castle, where he heard the Tiger exclaim, on alighting from his horse and calling for a cup of wine, that he would willingly pass seven years in hell, ['That he had been content to ling seven years in hell by the breers o' the e'e' (the eyelashes) is the traditional version of this exclamation.] to gain the honour of such a victory as had that day fallen to Huntley. The young intruder sat at supper in the great hall among the crowd, when an alarm was given that Huntley was upon them,—all started to their arms, and in the confusion he effected his escape, carrying off with him Crawford's silver goblet, which he presented to Huntley at Brechin as a voucher for his singular adventure."

The same cup remains to this day in the family of the Calders (Cawdors) of Assuanlee, to testify—at least as infallibly as other similar relics—to the truth of the wild old tale.—

"The 'Assuanlee Cup' is now in the possession of Mrs. Alexander Gordon, only surviving child of the late Sir Ernest Gordon of Park and Cobairdy. It was acquired by the father of Sir Ernest, James Gordon of Cobairdy, in the following curious manner.

'Some years after the 'forty-five,' a party of gentlemen, Jacobites, and all more or less under the ban of government, ventured to hold a meeting at a small inn, in Morayshire, between Elgin and Forres. In the course of their *sederunt*, one of their number, Gordon of Cobairdy, got up to mend the fire, and in doing so saw something at the bottom of the peat-bunker, or box for holding the peats, which seemed to glitter. He fished the object out, and found that it was a large and handsome old cup, but perfectly flattened. On inquiry, it turned out that this was the celebrated 'Cup of Assuanlee,' which had been pledged to the landlord of the inn by a Laird, a drinking spendthrift, in security for a debt. Cobairdy, who was a man of considerable taste and a collector of rarities, never lost sight of the cup, but, when opportunity offered, got it into his possession, though he and his family had to pay more than one sum of money which had been raised by Assuanlee on the security of his little-cared-for heirloom. Having passed into Cobairdy's possession, he had it perfectly restored to shape. It stands about fifteen inches high, is richly embossed, and is peculiarly graceful in shape and workmanship."

We must return for a moment. In the above extract is a mention of Finhaven; and the reader will not be displeased to see how pleasantly Lord Lindsay describes that stronghold of the Crawfords,—which, that it might not lack any of the appanages befitting a noble mansion, had, among other charms and luxuries, its goblin.—

'Their principal residence was at Finhaven, a castle built on a high bank or hill, overhanging the Lemno, and deriving its name 'Fion-abhainn,' or the 'White river,' from the foam cast up by the rippling of the waters of that little stream at their confluence with the South-Esk, almost under the castle-walls. The site is not striking, from elevation or otherwise; but a more favourable position in a military point of view could not have been chosen, the castle being situated at the entrance of the great valley of Strathmore, so as to command the whole of the lowlands beneath the base of the Grampians; while, at the same time, it guards the passes of the Highlands through the neighbouring valleys of Glenisla, Glenprosen and Glenclova. Little now remains of the fortress save the keep, a lofty square tower of the fourteenth century, split asunder as by lightning and overgrown with ivy, and from the summit of which a view was obtainable till recently over the whole surrounding country,—but, judging by the graceful proportions and beautiful masonry of the fragment that remains, and the extent of ground enclosed within the fosse, Finhaven, when entire, must have been a most stately structure. A noble Spanish chestnut, nearly forty-three feet in circumference, ornamented the court of the castle, and probably served as the 'cavin-tree,' under which the stirrup was drunk when guests departed on their journey. It was in full growth and vigour in the days of Earl David's great-grandson, commonly called 'Earl Beattie,' but a gillie, or messenger lad, sent on an errand from the Castle of Carriston to that of Finhaven, having cut a walking-stick from it, the Earl was so enraged that he hanged him on a branch of it,—such at least is the tradition, and from that moment the tree began to decay, though it was not till 1740 that the bitter frost of that year killed it, and for twenty years later it continued standing till a storm in 1760 finally levelled it with the ground. The ghost of the gillie has ever since constantly walked between Finhaven and Carriston, under the name of Jock Barefoot, getting credit for all the tricks and rogueries commonly attributed in England to Robin Goodfellow. The church of Finhaven—rebuilt by Sir Alexander Lindsay immediately before his departure for Palestine—arose contiguous to the castle walls, and the neighbouring hamlets of Aberlemno and Tannadycce afforded accommodation to the families of the immediate retainers. Westward of the castle, a tract of primeval forest, chiefly of oak, styled the Barony of the Forest of Platane, extended for several miles—nominally the property of the Crown, but *de facto* of the Earls of Crawford, who held it as hereditary foresters, and had a lodge, or residence, in the greenwood, the vestiges of which are still pointed out under the name of Lindsay's



Hill. The forest has now entirely disappeared, but the tradition of the country bears that the wild cat would leap from tree to tree, from the Castle of Pinhaven to the hill of Kirriemuir.\*

We can do no more than glance at stout Lord Lindsay of the Byres; whose trial after the battle of Stirling, and the interference of his cousin Maister Patrick, quaintly told by old Fyfe, make an interesting chapter. By a casual mention we must direct the lover of character to him in the Homeric fashion styled "The wicked Master of Crawford;"—who, after a life of riot and crime, was slain in "an ignominious broil with a cobbler of Dundee." But an anecdote relating to the "Thanes of Cawdor" in its savage picturesqueness must be allowed to arrest us, ere we speak of another sort of Lindsay than the rude old chiefs above summoned.—

"The Calders of Calder were said to be descended from a brother of Macbeth, to whom, on his assumption of the crown, he resigned the thanedom of Cawdor. They ended in an heiress, Muriella Calder, Dame Catherine's mother, who (if tradition may be credited) was captured in childhood by John of Lorn and the Campbells, while walking out with her nurse near Calder Castle. Her uncles pursued and overtook the division to whose care she had been entrusted, and would have rescued her but for the presence of mind of Campbell of Inverliver, who, seeing their approach, inverted a large camp-kettle as if to conceal her, and, commanding his seven sons to defend it to the death, hurried on with his prize. The young men were all slain, and when the Calders lifted up the kettle no Muriella was to be found. Meanwhile so much time had been gained, that further pursuit was useless. The nurse, at the moment the child was seized, bit off a joint of her little finger in order to mark her identity—no unnecessary precaution, as appears from Campbell of Auchinbreck's reply to one who, in the midst of their felicitations on arriving safely in Argyle, asked what was to be done, should the child die before she was marriageable? 'She can never die,' said he, 'as long as a red-haired lassie can be found on either side of Lockness.'—John of Lorn and his captive were afterwards married; Lord Cawdor is their representative, and the Campbells of Ardrachattan, Airds and Cluny are their collateral descendants."

The "other sort of Lindsay"—as the lover of the gentle arts may have guessed—was Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lion King of Arms. To engross the deeds of such a courtly and clerically ancestor, and rightly to do honour to his fame, our Lord Lindsay was sure "to mend his best pen;" and accordingly the niche where this fine old poet-noble stands is one of the most lovingly and elaborately adorned of any of our author's gallery of effigies. For the adornments, however, our author needed only to refer to the annals of the elder poets of Britain, drawing liberally upon Mr. Tytler's biography. His own summing-up contains a character and defines a reputation briefly and felicitously,—

"Times indeed are changed—the objects of his similitude have been accomplished, and his fame is fading fast into mere shadowy tradition; but, as a great poet and preacher, warrior and scholar, composing his poems on the tops of mountains, invested with the mysterious character of a prophetic minstrel, and finally killed in battle with the English either at Pinkie or Flodden-field, his memory survived till lately both in Fifeshire and East Lothian,—his works, with the national epics, Barbour's Bruce and Blind Harry's Wallace, formed till very recently the poetical library of every cottage North of the Tweed—their popularity was unbounded, and many persons were living within the memory of man who could repeat long passages of them, and even whole poems, by heart. They were esteemed such treasures of accurate information and sound wisdom on all subjects, that to say, 'Ye'll no find that in David Lindsay,' was tantamount to the strongest expression of incredulity.\*

\* Or, as cited by Mr. Wilson, 'It's no between the brods (broads) o' Davie Lindsay,'—implying that not even Lindsay's

In the next chapter, the eleventh of the first volume, we seem to have fallen back again among the "Beardie" genus of worthies: since in entering on the times of lovely Mary Stuart, we encounter the family representative in Lord Lindsay of the Byres—the champion of Protestantism; who made "a raid" into the Queen's chapel when mass was about to be said there, "shouting aloud that the idolatrous priests should die the death,"—and who subsequently *wringing* from the Queen, when confined at Lochleven, her signature to the deed of abdication. In 'The Abbot' and 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' Sir Walter Scott so describes the fact as to make our verb a literal and not a romantic expression. Lord Lindsay is chivalrously anxious to clear his grim old ancestor from the charge of having used personal violence; declaring that no traces of the warrior's steel glove upon the ill-starred lady's white wrist are to be found in the most violent party publications of the time. Elsewhere, however, our biographer authenticates Sir Walter's admirable and masterly minuteness in employing real anecdotes and passages to heighten the truth of his scenes—even as Shakspeare did before him; with this view citing Mary's graceful and affecting appeal to the rude soldier when she recalled the pleasant days of "their shooting at butts," by way of softening his heart. Following out the argument, we suggest it as more than possible that the incident introduced in 'The Abbot,' and re-described in the History, had its warrant in some of the thousand *pieces*, memorials, or pamphlets with which Sir Walter was so wondrously furnished.

We shall return to these 'Lives' for further notice:—since the antique sections just glanced at are by no means the most engaging portion of the work.

*Fresnel and his Followers. A Criticism.* By Robert Moon, M.A. Cambridge, Macmillan.

THIS 'Criticism' offers a sad example of some of the weaknesses of humanity,—and as such may serve to point a moral. It furnishes melancholy proof that even philosophy cannot subdue the asperities of the earthen passions.—But the story must speak for itself.

Fresnel was one of those rare beings whom the world possesses but at long intervals. His mind was directed to the phenomena of Light; and perceiving some analogy between its motions and those of the Air and of the Ocean, he ventured to propound a theory of undulations. This fine speculation caught the attention of men of intelligence; and many regarded it as "one of the inspirations of genius." That they did so, exceedingly offends our author.—Fresnel became one of the heroes of Science,—and had his band of worshippers. Among his "*more or less bewildered votaries*," as Mr. Moon calls them, are Herschel, Airy, Cauchy, Lubbock, Macculagh, and others; and we are told that "one might suppose it was the object of these gentlemen to invent light,"—and "how can we be surprised if with such an aim the production of each optical Frankenstein should be some frightful monster!"—We waive our objections to Mr. Moon's syntax; and add that, of course a new crusade is to be preached up in order that the fields of science may be delivered from these black dragons and white, blue dragons and grey.

In this 'Criticism' we are asked—speaking

say, whom nothing escapes, has noticed the thing in question. *Memorials of Edinburgh, &c.* tom. ii. p. 216.—The proverb, 'Out o' Davie Lindsay into Wallace,' arose from the poems of Blind Harry and Sir David having been commonly read as class-books in the schools.—So in Penny-cuik's description of a Scottish cottar's fireside, My mither bade her eldest son say, What he'd by heart o' Davie Lindsay.

of Herschel—"Can we wonder if intellectual blindness should be the retribution for the intellectual sin?"—of Airy we are told, that his views "bear considerable resemblance to the ancient astronomical theory of solid epicycles—as wild and as fallacious."—of Professor Kelland the author remarks—"no ignorance of a matter of fact need disturb a disciple of Fresnel. According to that school of logic, if one cannot swear that a system of explanation is untrue it is sufficient."—in reference to Professor Baden Powell we are warned "against the too easy reception of boldly asserted claims."—of Sir John Lubbock we are politely assured, that his "process being erroneous is in complete accordance with my [Mr. Moon's] views as to that of Fresnel."—of Professor Macculagh we learn, that his results "equally with those of Mr. Green are entirely erroneous,"—therefore, that nothing remains to us "but to weep over the grave of the Inductive Philosophy." Professor Challis, it appears, deals with "mystical beings," which it is consoling to know are not "objects of terror," and it is still more so to be assured that they are "entirely illusory."—and

"Mr. Stokes's Temple of Truth is evidently no Hall of Apollo, in which each object shines resplendent beneath the God of Rays, but rather a dismal cavern in which the trembling votary, scared by unfamiliar forms, is initiated into mysteries which are calculated to bewilder rather than to enlighten. \* \* Like as in some kinds of magic, the visions of truth are only to be apprehended through the medium of an artificial darkness."

Now, our modern  
Moore of Moore Hall,  
Who with nothing at all  
Destroys the Dragon of Wantley,

asserts,—  
"It may be possible to trace in the flight of birds the vagaries of human action,—to discern in the entrails of animals that which is hidden in the bosom of time,—to interpret the whisperings of the Dodonean grove into the language of articulately speaking man: but as certain it is that no man has ever yet appeared of eye sufficiently keen or understanding sufficiently enlightened to derive any solid information from these imaginary sources of knowledge, so sure is it that no theory of light will ever be extricated from the tangled web of the general equations of motion."

And then, "without having recourse to such far-fetched illustrations as the waving of corn, the undulations on the surface of water, and the vibrations of a stretched cord"—we are told that "the mechanism I [Mr. Moon] have suggested will—unless I am greatly mistaken—render the conception of transversal vibration as familiar to the mind as that of the vibration which occurs in sound."—It will now be anticipated that our author knocks Fresnel off his pedestal, and stuns his "bewildered votaries,"—after which the hidden truth is to be declared. But the "new theory" is an assumption of "spheroidal lamina" in motion; which, after all, is confessed to be "a dark enigma."

Such is an impartial digest of 'Fresnel and his Followers' by Mr. Moon:—who was eighth wrangler at Cambridge in 1838.

Nothing can be more desirable than a severe and searching examination of every theory in Physics:—the advancement of our knowledge is secured thereby. But it is lamentable to find any man of education emulating the style of vulgar eloquence which usually distinguishes the merely ignorant and unreasoning. Such expressions as we have quoted form no answers to any statements made by the men to whom they are applied; and they inevitably suggest an impression that their author having failed to attract attention by his works, is anxious to command notoriety by his words. Mr. Moon is desirous, he says, of "an honourable

niche in the Optical Pantheon:—the moral of our tale is, that within that temple the lights of truth alone have place,—and that these will not endure the presence of malevolence or of mere unargued and unjustified aspersion.

*European Life and Manners; in Familiar Letters to Friends.* By Henry Colman, Author of 'European Agriculture,' &c. Boston, Little; London, Petherham.

Or its kind this is one of the most diverting books that recently have come before the public. Who could have expected that a solid American Professor of Agriculture would rival his English namesake, the comic writer, in the amount of mirth excited by his experiences? Yet such is here the case. Mr. Henry Colman's 'Letters'—warranted by himself, in his Preface, as "salutary"—are as amusing as Mr. George Colman's broadest scenes of farce. Through such a "sage's glass" as his—the *Palais Royal lorgnette* of Baron d'Haussez not forgotten—were the life and manners of England never before seen. Never before did mature observer make pilgrimage from pig-sty to stack-yard, beguiling Wisdom's way by "dishes and dances," by prospects of fat lands and fine clothes—under the canopy of a parasol so very pink as Mr. Henry Colman's. It is only a few days since we were commending Sir Charles Lyell for having left behind him in the old country the lady's-maid, when he visited America. To judge from Mr. Colman's chronicle, he might have gone from pillar to post not with a single Abigail only, but in what some friend called the "incoherent fashion" of Hayley the poet, who used to fare forth accompanied by two or more female attendants in place of one valet! In no book by previous tourist have we met with such admiring mention as there is in this of velveteen unspeakables, powdered heads, *aiguillettes*, *chasseurs*, pages, grooms of the chamber, still-room maids "and all their trumpery." In none have we such full particulars of the divers ways in which a table can be spread. The statistics of pudding-dishes and jelly-glasses, of blotting-books, boot-jacks, and bed-chamber candlesticks, have been laboriously—rather than accurately—collected. The circuits made by the "cup which cheers," &c., in double-refined circles are recorded with "a circumstance" which would render the statement presentable to Section T. Nor is this all. Our learned agriculturist, though he has nothing to say concerning the life and manners of *Dolly* with the milking pail, is loquacious enough touching *My Lady's* flounces and feathers! Where we looked to grapple with a prize ox, we lay hands upon—a gauze sleeve. Where we were curious to learn in what a Trans-Atlantic professor of "Breeding" might differ from the new-fangled German poulterers who, as *Punch* declares, fatten poultry on phosphorus and bleach veal by aid of vitriol, we find, alas for our curiosity! queerly misfitting facts about kid shoes (corrected in an anxious *erratum*, which for "kid" requests us to read *satén*)—and "notions" concerning embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs. With our author 'tis not "dumb amazement all"—but prosy, prattling wonderment. But the topics and toys which awaken his ceaseless "*My!*" however congenial they may be to the souls of MM. Melnotte and Chalopin—however delicately precious in the eyes of old Madame Aubertin, the *Arachne* of Paris—will, we fear, have little savour (or *sulphur*, is it not?) in the nostrils of Prof. Liebig.

By way of explanation, we may be reminded that Mr. Colman's are familiar epistles ad-

ressed to ladies—and were not originally intended for the light of

Garish, broad and peeping day,

and of the *Athenæum*. In proof, our tourist's friends may cite certain admissions of his want of courage (as on the occasion of his descent of the Cornish mine)—certain confessions of his theological opinions—certain verbiages addressed to far-away A——'s and B——'s in trouble—"strown about" in the midst of the writer's pantry prying among the Hardwicks, the Pendarves, the Simpkinsons, and other of our hospitable nobility and gentry who opened to him their farm-yards, their dining-parlours, and their best bed-rooms. Let us grant the plea, marvelling the while at the clumsy grandeur of Mr. Colman's "familiarities:"—but publication is a "rejoinder" which deprives the argument of all its apologetic and explanatory virtue.

We had marked some hundred passages to illustrate Mr. Colman's love for

Long pig-tails and such vanities, and "the lumbering style" (to quote a Trans-Atlantic lady's phrase) in which his tender passion for the same is expressed:—but we forbear to give them. Our readers might be sparingly edified by lists of "the shorts and white silk, or white cotton, stockings" worn by the *Messrs. Yellowplush*. They would only yawn, we opine, over "the elegant silver and china services" at Lambton Castle. They would question the homogeneity of attire between our *Millamants* and our *Mincings* asserted by Mr. Colman the youngest. Let us hope, by the way, that he is a more accurate witness about turnips than about toilets—a more dispassionate observer of foals and fillies than he was of the charity children at St. Paul's; whom he thus describes with a bit of burning enthusiasm and hazy home affection most wondrously combined.

"They resembled a beautiful bed of variegated flowers, and indeed it seems to me nothing on this earth ever appeared one half so beautiful. I was greatly excited, and was half tempted, in a state of delirium, to throw myself over the railing. How much I wished that you and your mother could have seen it."

The ambiguity of the above raises a whimsical doubt whether the American maid and matron invoked really *would* have enjoyed the spectacle of Mr. Colman emulating Sam Patch from the Whispering Gallery!

As we have said, there is little in this book touching on agricultural life and manners: but we have stumbled over a cow, meriting exhibition as a specimen of Mr. Colman's hand when on *Potter*-ing intent.—

"On Monday, I saw at Smithfield market a cow giving milk, and from appearances as much as most cows, well formed and handsome, over which I could without any difficulty have put my leg."

We shall only extract in addition a burst of familiar eloquence *apropos* of footmen's bouquets, florid enough to make us inquire whether all this time we have been admiring in Mr. Colman the *Cremorne Poet* without knowing it.—

"I like to see the world beautiful, and by every appliance of art and taste I would render it more beautiful. I would not have life a dull, black, turbid stream, winding its slow and silent way along, but I would have the waters glittering with sunshine by day, and reflecting from their clear bosom the stars of night, and pursuing their course sometimes quickly, at other times more slowly, now whirling in eddies, now dashing in beautiful cascades, presenting that variety which awakens and stimulates all the faculties, keeps the imagination continually upon the stretch, and thus directly and essentially conduces to the vigour and health of the mind and heart."

The *Athenæum* is not called upon to justify itself against possible accusations of anti-Americanism as having given a tone to the above strictures. When Mr. Willis exasperated May

Fair by publishing his shrewd observations and sparkling mistakes about the company and the kennels at Castle Gordon,—when he strung for the press those flowers of wit and traits of character which he had gathered in poor Lady Blessington's "round room,"—our reproof was feeble in comparison with that of our neighbours. We recollected the gossiping mal-practices of our own travellers, and felt that he was following their example,—only in a better humour and like one whose vocation it was to

Roam through this world like a child at a feast. But when a dull man devoted to practical science out-peeps the peeper, out-trifles the trifler—inane, inaccurate and bombastic the while,—there is no reason why we should not deal with him even as we dealt with our own Mr. Dillon, the Oxford pilgrim in the wake of London's great Lord Mayor,—or with our own Mrs. Maury, plastering the *magnates* of the Land of Expectation. Nor is this done with any national triumph. We are vexed for the Americans. The innocence "of sack and clean linen" erroneously imputed to them by their countryman's ecstatic admiration of aristocratic England's creature-comforts (or, as a morning paper the other day styled them, "*the monetary evidences of high life*") must, we apprehend, be found more annoying and intolerable to them than a Basil Hall's busiest meddling with their politics,—or a Trollope's most caustic animadversion on the spectacle of legs where hands should be, or on the sound of "Saxon" twisted into a jargon racy enough but somewhat devoid of grace and grammar.

*Biographical Memorials of John von Müller.* [Johanne von Müller's Biographische Denkwürdigkeiten.] Edited by J. G. Müller. 5 vols. Stuttgart and Tübingen, Cotta.

THESE volumes are not new, having been in print for some years. But they have gained in many points a new interest from late events. In going through the private letters which the great historian of Switzerland wrote to members of his family,—during the season in which old European systems gave way before the forces unloosed by the French Revolution,—the reader will be struck by numerous passages that might seem to have been immediately suggested by the troubles and fears of the present time; and may often admire the sagacity which led the writer to conclusions on the nature and issue of the commotion then in progress,—which, although since confirmed by experience, were not at the moment visible to common minds. The secret of this penetration it is something more than an object of passing curiosity to discern and notice. The grounds of Von Müller's persuasions were laid in the lessons of Universal History; with every part of which, from the earliest known records of our species down to his own times, he was conversant to a degree that few other men have reached. From these, revolved in an active mind under strong moral convictions, he had ascertained the constancy of some great principles through all the mutations of empires and races; and enlightened by what he had thus learned from history, he could discern a future development of all that was then weltering around him that would in its main features justify the lessons of the Past. It will therefore be no uninteresting process to note in this correspondence the coincidences that tend to prove the fixed character of the larger historical truths; to see not only how they enabled the student to look beyond some of the most intricate confusions of the day, but also how often principles and axioms referred to more than fifty years since, and the remarks, even, as to the relations at that time of princes and people in France, Germany, and Switzer-



land, will apply to the great political scenes of the last twelvemonth—so aptly, as we have said, that many of them might have been composed for the latter period. In this point of view the letters in question may not improperly be recalled to the attention of modern readers. They will repay trouble also in other respects by the curious pictures which they afford of the interior life of a student in the widest sense of the term. With the exception, perhaps, of Haller\*, Johann von Müller was the most universally learned man in the last quarter of the eighteenth century:—and these letters pleasantly reveal the manner of his devotion to studies which were the only real delight of his life,—with brief but valuable notices of the almost countless books which he devoured, carefully digesting their matter in minute excerpts. Of these, there were found at his death, in more than 20 volumes, 16,296 folio pages, closely written, with abbreviations; the marrow of some 3,000 works, abstracted as materials for that revised 'Universal History' which he had hoped to execute—besides at least 19,000 collectanea on smaller separate leaves, carefully arranged in chronological order; a part of which only had been used in his 'History of Switzerland.' When we consider his shifting and busy career—no small part of which was passed in offices of state—the importance of his published works, his large correspondence and numerous reviews (more than 200) of learned books, we may well wonder at such a store of erudition amassed for future labours, which of itself might have sufficed for the whole employment of a literary life longer than Von Müller's.—He died aged only 56. The explanation is given in these private communications, which attest not merely his unceasing diligence, but the positive relief that he found in studies that to most, even of learned men, are tedious and repulsive. Nature had endowed him with all the qualities that form a complete Polyhistor; but to these she had added a power and quickness of intellect and an eloquence in writing, little short of genius, which seldom accompany the insatiable appetite of a book-worm.

One instance of his amazing industry and despatch in literary labour may be noted as germane to some matters that are at this moment with good reason occupying the attention of our own men of letters. While they are looking wistfully for a catalogue of the books in the British Museum, and hear with something like despair of a possible completion of the one now in progress within the next twenty years,—it may interest them to hear what Johann von Müller did for himself and without assistance in a similar case, in *less than two*, while employed in the Imperial Library of Vienna. Those who maintain that any tolerably approximate classification of such a store, ready for present use, would really be more valuable—to the present generation of inquirers at least—than one of such exquisite nicety that a quarter of a century can hardly suffice to complete it, will find some confirmation of their views in the decision of one who may well be regarded as no mean authority on the uses of books and catalogues.

After the overthrow by the French republicans of the court of Mentz, Von Müller (in 1793) obtained a place in the Chancery of Vienna, which he gladly exchanged (in 1800) on the death of Denis, for the more congenial

Of him in 1774 Müller wrote: "This man (and I know much I say in thus describing him) is certainly the most learned man in Europe. His vexation now is that there are no books to be found which he has not already read. He is a thoroughly finished scholar;—but I would rather, for my own part, employ somewhat less of learning more largely than he has done to the general advantage of mankind." Haller died in 1777.

post of principal keeper under Van Swieten the chief officer of the Imperial Library—a collection then containing upwards of 300,000 printed volumes, besides a noble store of MSS. Of the former he found an alphabetical catalogue already drawn up by his predecessors. In classifying and describing the contents of the latter some progress had been made by them; and one of his immediate duties was to revise and complete their labours in this branch—which we find he effectually performed. But no classified catalogue of the printed works existed; and we see him, shortly after his appointment, quietly addressing himself to this task, in the following manner.—

At the Library I have this day begun a piece of work, which will be no very short one, but is necessary, and will, in various ways, be agreeable to me. Only think, that of the more than 250,000 books here, there is no classified catalogue (*Realcatalogus*) so that no one knows what and how much we possess on each separate subject, what is deficient, or what assistance the library really can afford to the studious inquirer. I have spoken on this matter, but without effect, to the librarian, Van Swieten, and will not here repeat his objections, because you would be apt to think I had invented them in order to throw ridicule on him. I do not like to impose this task on the subalterns; some could not, others would be reluctant, or are prevented by other duties. *So that I shall do it myself: i.e.* in a condensed form—so that no single book shall be omitted, but only so much of the title noted as will suffice for me. This labour once ended I shall then *know* the library; can then profit by it, and make it profitable to others. I hope [his letter is dated February 1801]—to have finished by the end of this year.

His correspondent insisted, however, on hearing what were the "objections" urged by Van Swieten. These and Müller's remarks thereupon contain some of the main points that we have lately heard mooted in the British Museum question.—

Very well, if you will have them, now listen to the excellent reasons of my superior against all classified catalogues:—That no mathematically-exact discrimination of the several branches of knowledge is possible;—one divides them in this way, another in that;—it is better, therefore, not to arrange them systematically at all. Nor is it necessary,—for he that visits the Library must previously know what particular book he wants;—and, lastly, that a classed catalogue will disclose our deficiencies. Against which I submitted—but in vain—that, even although the distribution into classes cannot be made with absolute precision, yet every one knows that books on the history of Hungary can have no right to stand next to those which treat of Pathology; nor Terence by the side of a Dutch annalist;—that *I ought to be in a condition to inform every one what we have belonging to the subject of his inquiry*;—that of our deficiencies it is proper to have a list; in order that, whenever the state of our funds or extra contributions allow of it, these may be supplied;—that, in a word, *I desire to know what there is in the Library*, were it but for my own satisfaction in making use of it. The classed catalogue I am now drawing up myself: in the first instance, as for my own use; *i.e.* written in abbreviations. I distribute the alphabetical catalogue into some eighty separate heads.

This work was not allowed to impede the performance of his regular duties; nor did he make it an excuse for neglecting the literary charities of his office.—

The number of readers in the Library [he writes Nov. 1801]—among whom are men of distinction, both natives and strangers—increases so fast, that *in my own room even I have had twelve seats provided for them*. One might see youths with folios in their hands standing in the narrow passages through which people were constantly going and coming. How much there is to answer, to advise, to seek out for them, you may well imagine; but this kind of trouble is *uncommonly pleasant* to me.

Let it be further noted, that while his official labours, extra-official task, and courteous atten-

tion to the visitors filled up the stated hours of attendance at the Library, he gave the early morning to the Fourth Part of the 'History of Switzerland,' at which he would write from three to four hours a-day before beginning his public duties;—while his evening's recreation was in studying and writing careful digests of grave and voluminous authors. Of these, during the period in question, the letters present a notable catalogue; including the *eight folios* of Lambecius—the Opera Omnia of Julian the Apostate—all that was then known of Eusebius, &c.—and not a few scientific or philosophical moderns besides. A journey to Switzerland and through part of France, enjoined by the state of his health and other personal reasons, interrupted his work from May to August, 1801. So that, instead of completing it by the end of that year, as he had hoped, it was not until the July following that he was able to write, in a couple of quiet lines, as if speaking of any minor task:—"I have at last [in less than eighteen months] completed my work on the Catalogue of the Imperial Library, and yesterday I began to revise the MS." "The manuscript," says the editor, "a scientifically arranged Catalogue of the whole Library, is still to be seen;"—probably not at Vienna, but among the other remains of the historian,—as the abbreviations would prevent its serving for general reference.

What English students will be interested to remark in this episode of Von Müller's literary career, is the execution, by a single hand, of a classified account, however brief, of the contents of some 300,000 volumes in *less than a year and a half*!—and this, too, as part only of the labours of a man busied with other practical duties, and employed at the time in completing an original work of great research,—the value of which has long been ratified by its European celebrity. With such an authentic instance on record of the *unassisted* performance of one really diligent keeper of a library as large, we apprehend, as that of the British Museum may now be, we may surely be justified in believing that, with adequate help and due industry and arrangement, some available provisional digest of our treasures might be made, in the space of two or three years, for the use of those who will probably have ceased to want either books or any other earthly appliances long before the appearance of a perfect Catalogue on the system of its present compiler.

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## A SONG, FOR MAY.

FLY not, frown not, Lady May!  
Tell me why you shrink away:  
Why you leave your sunny track,  
Stealing, struggling, trembling back,—  
Back into the April hours,  
Leaving Love for sullen showers.

Daughter of the Seasons,—born  
When the Spring was past her morn,  
When the Summer kissed her eyes,  
Closing under evening skies,—  
Fly not, thou, to colder clime,  
In thine own sweet hawthorn time.

Stay, and love me, Lady May!  
I am young, and would be gay.  
Stay!—and you shall hear a rhyme  
Sweet as when, at curfew time,  
The Bird of Music sinks to rest,  
Dreaming on the rose's breast.

C. L.

## THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The following letter, which has been received at the Admiralty, will be read with great and melancholy interest by the numbers who are anxiously looking out for intelligence of any kind from the field of the search now making for Sir John Franklin and his companions.—

Fort Confidence, Great Bear Lake, Sept. 16, 1848.  
Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of your Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty, that with the boats and party under my charge I reached the sea coast at the outlet of the eastern branch of the Mackenzie on the 3rd of August; and, having examined the coast line thence to the Coppermine River, including almost every intervening bay, found no traces of any party of Europeans having passed, nor any indications whatever of shipwrecked vessels. We had interviews with numerous parties of Esquimaux, who uniformly declared that they had seen no ships nor any white men; and, from the friendly way in which these people met us, I have no doubt of their kindness to any party of Europeans they might see in distress.

From the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst, which we rounded in 70° 37' N. lat. on the 10th of August, the vegetation indicated a comparatively mild climate, and we saw no ice; the Esquimaux also, who were at this time assembling on the various headlands and islands to chase the black and white whales, informed us that during their two summer moons they never saw any ice. But, after crossing Franklin Bay and rounding Cape Parry, we had to pass through many streams of drift ice, which greatly depressed the temperature; and when we attained Cape Bexley we found the Dolphin and Union Straits filled with densely packed ice, heaped against the precipitous headlands and covering the sea as far as we could discern from the heights, entirely across to Wollaston Land.

Winter may be said to have set in with sudden rigour on the 23rd of August, and we had frost, and snow either falling or lying on the ground for many days afterwards. From that date up to the 3rd of September we had to work our way round every bay by cutting passages among the floes of ice, or making overland portages, according to circumstances, being occasionally aided in our advance by a little open water where the shore was shelving. These laborious operations were conducted by Mr. Rae, to whose sound judgment, experience, and personal exertions we were indebted, under Providence, for the progress we were enabled to make.

From the experience of four several visits to Coronation Gulf, by Franklin, Deane, and Simpson, and myself, I had expected that on rounding Cape Krusenstern we should find an open sea to the Coppermine; but, such is the uncertainty of the navigation in these narrow seas, that we had the disappointment of beholding the whole gulf completely packed, and had to continue our poling, cutting, and carrying operations with slower progress and augmented labour as the frost became more severe up to the 3rd of September, when we were finally arrested in Icy Cove to the north of Cape Kendall, by the new ice having so glued the floes together that it was no longer in our power to move them, while the hummocky form of the masses heaped by pressure on the rocky points precluded our launching the boats over them. Seeing that there was no prospect of a speedy change of weather, and that the ground was already covered with snow, I determined reluctantly on quitting the boats and commencing our overland march to Bear Lake from that place.

Had we reached the Coppermine, as I anticipated we should do, under ordinary circumstances, and ascended the Kendall, we should have been, with tents, stores, &c., in comparative comfort within four easy days' march of Fort Confidence; but it now became necessary to augment the loads in proportion to the increase of distance.

Each man being supplied with thirteen days' provisions, and carrying in addition to his clothing, spare shoes and bedding, with cooking kettles, the astronomical instruments, ammunition, hatchets, and Lieut. Hallett's portable boat, with lines and nets, we abandoned the boats and tents, having previously concealed the remaining pemmican, and on the morning of the 3rd of September began our march for Back's Inlet, which we reached the same evening.

Here we opportunely found a party of Esquimaux, who rendered us very essential assistance on the following morning by ferrying us across a deep river between 300 and 400 yards wide, which they informed us retained its width far up the country, and without their help we should have lost much time in passing so large a party across with Lieut.

Hallett's boat alone. I have named this river, which was previously unknown to us, in honour of Mr. Rae. On the following day we crossed the Richardson River, which is of less width, by means of Hallett's boat, and encamped in the evening on the banks of the Coppermine.

I had appointed James Hope, a half-caste native, who had formed one of Deane and Simpson's party, to meet us in the beginning of September with two Indian hunters on the Coppermine; but, owing to stormy weather at the time he ought to have set out, he delayed his march a week, and we missed each other another week, so that, we passed one another in a day of continued fog and snow on the banks of the Kendall.

Yesterday, being the thirteenth day of our march, we arrived at this place, having for the last three days had the advantage of an Indian guide, who led us by easier paths than the direct route across the country.

The way in which the drift ice was packed into Coronation Gulf and Dolphin and Union Straits so late in the season as the 3rd of September, and glued together by new ice, rendered it very improbable that it would open again this season to afford a passage for ships; and I have therefore no expectation that the discovery ships can have made their way in that direction this summer, and hope that they have either found a channel to the right of the Kendall, or directly westward to the open sea off Cape Bathurst, or that they have effected a passage homeward by Lancaster Sound. The circumstances I have mentioned show that my boats could not approach Wollaston Land in this unusually untoward season; but this may be done next summer, and I shall endeavour to make arrangements for sending Mr. Rae with one boat and a select crew of active men down the Coppermine to the mouth of the Mackenzie, and on to Victoria and Wollaston Lands. The flood tide, which at full and change runs into Dolphin and Union Straits at the rate of three knots an hour, comes from the eastward out of Coronation Gulf, and must flow primarily down the opening I have mentioned, or by the one between Victoria Land and Boothia, being the only two communications between the Coppermine and the open sea, and its continuation. On this account, and also for the purpose of aiding a party which Sir James Ross proposed to send towards the Coppermine over the ice, Mr. Rae's intended expedition may be useful.

As the resources of this post are inadequate to the support of our entire party, and the ice remains fixed in this lake till near the middle of August, too late for men to start here to reach York Factory in the spring, and to continue the same season, I have determined on sending 13 of the men from England up the Mackenzie, without delay, together with six of Mr. Bell's party, to be supported for the winter at the fishery on Big Island, Slave Lake. I purpose joining them myself in the spring, crossing this lake on the ice, and ascending the Mackenzie when it opens in May, taking with me the remainder of the English party not required by Mr. Rae for his summer operations. Mr. Rae will have instructions to return hither by the end of August, so as to close the establishment at that time, and remove the people time enough to ascend the Mackenzie and Slave Rivers before the navigation shuts up.

During our sea voyage we deposited pemmican at Point Separation, Cape Bathurst, Cape Parry, and in Paisley Cove, on the north side of Cape Krusenstern, and erected signal posts, as agreed upon with Sir J. Ross. I have, &c.

J. RICHARDSON.

Medical Inspector Commanding the Party.

To this announcement of the negative result as yet, we may add, that the hopes of active co-operation on the part of the American Government which had been excited by the terms of the President's reply to the appeal of Lady Franklin have been to a certain extent disappointed. The board of naval officers to whom the Secretary of the Navy referred the proposition for fitting out an Expedition, have reported against the feasibility of the enterprise, because the season is too far advanced to permit of its reaching the west coast of the continent in time to prosecute the search according to the projected plan—and because the Government owns no vessels adapted to this peculiar description of service. They suggested, however, the purchase of two coasting vessels of about 200 tons burthen, to be suitably equipped with stores and munitions necessary for the severity of the northern latitudes; and recommended that the Expedition should be fitted out so as to start at an early period next year. Upon examining the Act of 1790, however, and the Naval Appropriation Bill of the last session of Congress, it was found, say the American papers, that the Secretary had no authority to make the purchase suggested by the Board of Commodores. Congress will have to be applied to for an appropriation of money for this particular purpose.—Meantime, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy have issued circulars to the public vessels, whalers, and other navigators in the Pacific, containing all information in their possession relative to Sir John Franklin, and urging an earnest co-operation in prosecuting the search.

## THE PHONETIC SYSTEM.

Most of your readers must be aware that a bold attempt is in progress to change our orthography—to attack our parts of speech: and that the assailants

seem amply supplied with money and energy. They have a newspaper, of which you cannot print the name, for want of a type; but translated into common spelling it is—the *Phonetic News*. In your columns [see ante, pp. 168 and 196] two letters on the subject have appeared from Dr. R. G. Latham, the author of a well-known work on the English language; who, though neither a favourer nor an opponent of the particular system on which I now write, is inclined towards some change, on principle. The Phonetics, as I shall call them, have published various books in their own orthography, and have promulgated a most excellent system of shorthand. In this one point it is my firm opinion that they have produced something which will live. I have given much attention to stenography, and have long ago made up my mind that it is easy enough to write any shorthand;—the difficulty is to read it when written. I have tried the phonetic shorthand. I mean that without learning to write it I began to learn to read it; and I found that I succeeded better with it in a given time than with any other system.

On examining the phonetic alphabet, I am strongly inclined to the opinion that no better will be proposed. On looking at the history of the phonetic movement thus far, I think the promoters have acted with judgment. Consequently, I am inclined to believe that if these same promoters do not succeed, it is because the plan is impracticable. Will they succeed or not? My prophecy is that they will not. Is it to be wished that they should succeed? This is a question of a mixed character. After weighing on the one hand the very anomalous condition of English spelling, which makes it much harder than it need be for children to learn to read, and feeling compelled to admit (what the Phonetics say is borne out by experience) that the proposed system must be more easily learnt—and on the other hand, looking at the etymological part of the question, and at the great inconvenience which would long result from an entire change in the established orthography—I do not feel it easy to arrive at any brief and positive conclusion. A few suggestive remarks may not be out of place.

Dr. Latham (ante, p. 197) says that he is provided with facts by which he could verify the following position:—that if a child were instructed first on the phonetic principle, and by graduated lessons brought up to the comprehension of the present orthography, his reading would be taught at the cost of half the time and trouble involved in the present system. This struck me as highly probable the very first time I looked into the phonetic system. On examining the first number of their newspaper, I found that in two or three minutes, without any study of their peculiar additions to our alphabet, I could read it with tolerable fluency. I could not but draw the conclusion, that a person educated on the phonetic system would—not in two or three minutes, but in a short time—learn that which is in common use; all the better, of course, if the transition were graduated, as Dr. Latham proposes. If the phonetic system were to maintain itself for a dozen years, I incline to think that many would try the experiment upon their own children. But whether it had better be done by a kindred and really pronouncing alphabet, such as the Phonetics have invented—or by supernumerary accents or other marks attached to our existing letters, which may be gradually dropped—I cannot decide. If the second plan were adopted, the new and temporary symbols might be easily invented from the existing phonetic alphabet.

It is urged that our spelling has already altered,—that we do not agree with Shakespeare or Milton, still less with Chaucer,—and that our modern editions of the most celebrated writers are orthographically different from the old ones. Admitting this, I see much probable difference of practicability between that which does itself and that which is to be done. The river finds a proper road to the sea, but it is not everybody who can trace out a canal. Arguments on either side seem to me to be of little use, now that the alphabet is contrived and the press in motion. The system is at work for those who will try it; and they will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be those who have a fancy rather than a reason for doing so.

This attack upon human cacography is by

means the first. A little more than two hundred years ago, a phonetic alphabet was contrived, types were cut, and books were printed. Of these I have seen only one:—"The Principles of Musik," by Charles Butler, M.A., London, 1636, 4to. This book tells one thing which it might be difficult to establish by perfectly direct evidence otherwise: viz., that *ch* (hard), *ph*, *gh*, and *wh* (for which single symbols appear) were existent as separate sounds. The Phonetics of our day "throw fish to the dogs" as long as they can; but Charles Butler would have been more effective: he would have denounced *ph* with such an utterance of the *ph* as would have combined wind and thunder.—Perhaps Butler was a follower of Alex. Gill; whose "Logonomia Anglicana," an attempt at reformation, was published in 1621. There had been a previous attempt by Wm. Bullokar, in 1500, of which the author found it necessary to say in his title-page "the speech not changed, as some untruly and maliciously, or at the least, ignorantly blowe abroad." Watt gives one of his works as follows:—"Aesop's Fables in true Orthography, with Grammar Notz. Herunto ar also pointed the shorte sentenze of the wyz Cato, imprinted with lyke form and order both of which Authozr ar translated out of Latin intoo English...." 1685. Here it may be observed that *ph* is distinguished from *f* and *wh* from *w*.

Peter Ramus attempted a new orthography for the French language; which even in his day was described as full of idle letters, and yet in some respects poor to beggary—never consistent with itself, and rarely with reason. But he had no success. No more had Chilperic before him, if it be true that he attempted by an edict and penalties to introduce the sounds of the Greek letters  $\theta$ ,  $\chi$ ,  $\phi$ ,  $\xi$ ,  $\psi$  into writing.

But neither the king nor the scholar had any mode of appealing to the people comparable in power to that which is possessed by a small and unknown body in our day. I take my leave of the Phonetics for the present, with full permission to them to proceed if they can,—and free admission that the redundancies and insufficiencies of alphabets against which they wage war are, to use the words of Bishop Wilkins, an appendix to the curse of Babel. D.

#### AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION

The following letter—confirming the story of the melancholy fate of Mr. Kennedy and his party, to which we alluded last week—has been received at the office of the Geographical Society of London,—and is placed by the secretary in our hands for publication.

H.M.S. Rattlesnake. Sydney, March 10.

Sir,—It is with great regret that I have to inform the Society of the complete failure of the Overland Expedition which left this port last year under the command of Mr. E. B. Kennedy, for the purpose of exploring the country between Rockingham Bay and Cape York.

The news was brought here by the Ariel,—a small schooner that had been sent to Port Albany with stores and provisions for Mr. Kennedy and his party. She brought down the three survivors; and I inclose a Sydney paper containing their account of the melancholy fate of the rest of the party, which at present is all we have to depend upon. But the Colonial Government have some hopes that Mr. Kennedy's papers may yet be recovered by sending the black man Jackey Jackey to Escape River by the first ship bound through the inner passage,—which will be in less than a fortnight. Jackey is quite confident that he can find the spot where he planted the saddle-bags which contained Mr. Kennedy's journals, maps, and papers; as he says the saddle-bags were planted in a hollow log of wood, where they would be protected from the weather and at the same time not likely to be found by the natives of the place. Jackey is then to return to Sydney in a small schooner that was sent to Port Albany about a month ago to wait there with a second supply of provisions for Mr. Kennedy and his party should they arrive at Cape York after the Ariel sailed.

I hope by the end of the month to be able to send home the fair sheets of our survey of the passage between the inner edge of the barrier reef and the

main land, upon the scale of half an inch to the mile; which will render the navigation of the inner route a very simple affair, particularly for steamers.

We are now refitting before commencing the survey of New Guinea and the Louisiade. I hope to leave this by the middle of April; by which time the monsoon will have changed, and fine weather may be expected in the regions we are about to visit.

Our recent survey has been carried on over ground so frequently described by my predecessors that I have no further geographical information of any importance to add to what they have already given.

Our next cruise to a country of which so little is known will, I hope, furnish much of interest to every department of science; and I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the Society of the result of our proceedings.—I have, &c.

OWEN STANLEY, Captain, R.N.

To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is said that the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the management of the British Museum are about to make their Report to Her Majesty. We are told that it may be expected before the Session is over. This Report is looked for—and has long been so—with no small anxiety. But if it be true, as is also said, that neither in the Report itself nor in any appendix to it will there be found any return or explanation as to the manner in which the large sums granted by the Treasury Minute for the purchase of printed books has been expended, it is obvious that such omission will be most unsatisfactory: the more so as the Library is reported to be still glaringly deficient in that branch which, of all others, ought to be complete—namely, in works illustrative of English history.—The Blue Book will contain the whole of the evidence; and will be preceded by the Report of the Commissioners,—but without any recommendation on their part in favour of a printed catalogue of the books in the Library. The Commissioners are in favour, it is understood, of the completion of Mr. Panizzi's MS. catalogue. The bulk of the evidence will, we believe, run in opposition to the Report; though every exertion has been made to bring as many admirers to the witness-stand as were worth priming and letting off in favour of the five hundred volume catalogue. Will no independent member of Parliament move for a return of what the catalogue has cost as far as it has already gone—of the state in which it now is—of the number of persons employed on it—of the number of entries of titles made each day—and of the estimated sum required for its completion? Mr. Panizzi is the Dr. Reid of librarians as to the delay which he occasions—and the Mr. Barry as to the expense. There are others than ourselves, it will be seen, averse to the librarian's long vista of MS. folios—and even more energetic, if possible, in opposing it. Our readers shall have a sifting of the volume as soon as it is out; and whatever is good in Mr. Panizzi's evidence shall be fairly appreciated,—while his impeding to our pressing wants, and such mistakes as his preference of substantives over substantive matter in making out his titles, shall continue to receive our decided opposition.—The judgment to be passed by the public on the Report of the Commissioners is even more important than the Report itself.

The long-expected supplementary charter for the London University has at length been received. It enlarges the powers of the Senate; and contains two important provisions,—one for the admission of students from all the other universities of the United Kingdom,—the other enabling the senate to institute examinations for certificates of proficiency in any separate branch of art or science, as they may see fit, without requiring the student to graduate. Now that this step has been gained, we hope to see the eight or nine vacancies at present existing in the Senate filled up by "good men and true,"—men who have the zeal and the power to assist substantially in the further development of this important institution by the variety of measures yet wanting to its satisfactory and permanent success.

The daily papers announce the death, on the 3rd instant, of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, at the age of seventy-one. The author of the 'Conspectus' and of the 'London Dispensatory' needs no eulogy as to the extent and soundness of his acquirements in that department of the study of medicine to which he especially devoted himself. Dr. Thomson was Professor of Materia Medica in University College from its first foundation; and since the retirement of Dr. Gordon Smith, he did also the duties of Professor of Forensic Medicine. He deserves mention in our columns as the editor of the poetical works of his namesake, the poet. His extensive knowledge, combined with singular activity and industry which age could not impair, made him one of the most remarkable among the medical teachers of the metropolis; and the excellence of his character in the social relations added to the respect with which he was regarded in the school in which he taught, and to that with which the school itself was regarded by the public.

Referring to a letter which appeared in our columns last week [p. 701] complaining of the long omission to publish a continuation of the index to the volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*,—we have received a note from Messrs. Longman & Co., enclosing an announcement of a forthcoming index, which they had printed, as they state, before the letter in question came under their eye. The index announced is for the volumes from 51 to 80 inclusive; and the number to be printed will be limited in proportion to the demand made for it through booksellers or otherwise before the 1st of August next.—As our correspondent complains of the scarcity of the second index, "wanting," he says, "to many sets which are otherwise complete,"—and as the publishers in the announcement before us admit that "the former indexes are out of print and scarce,"—we bring this limitation particularly under the eye of our readers:—who certainly have otherwise but a narrow chance given them of completing their sets of the publication in question by the addition of so necessary an accompaniment as an index.

A few choice autographs were sold during the present week by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson in a two-days miscellaneous sale of old papers. A rare specimen of 'Marye the queene'—Mary the First of England—brought 5*l.* 5*s.* A letter from Queen Elizabeth to Henry the Fourth of France—with seals and silk, and in every way covetable—sold for 4*l.* A letter of James the Second 'for my sonne Prince George of Denmark'—in good condition with seal and silk—brought 2*l.* 12*s.* Two letters entirely in the handwriting of the heroic Marquis of Montrose sold for thirty shillings and a guinea respectively; and other letters signed but not written throughout by the same remarkable man realized very humble prices—far less than they were worth. The autograph of Montrose is extremely rare; and the specimens sold the other day were highly characteristic of the man and the soldier,—and written at a time (1645 and 1646) when his movements were watched by both King and Parliament with lively interest. Algernon Sydney's signature attached to a receipt for the expenses of a troop in his regiment brought 4*l.* A letter of Nicholas Poussin sold for 2*l.* 2*s.*; and a letter of Morland the painter, addressed to Dawe his biographer, for sixteen shillings. The *Morland* is a rare autograph; and a letter more characteristic of the writer it would be difficult to imagine. Two letters in the handwriting of Keats—the only specimens that we remember to have seen sold—brought respectively 2*l.* 15*s.* and 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Ten long letters of Shelley's sold for something like 2*l.* 5*s.* a piece. Two of these were addressed to Godwin, his future father-in-law; others to his early friend Graham, and to Mr. James Lawrence, author of 'The Empire of the Nairs.'

Rumour is very busy just now with the affairs of the Ecclesiastical History Society; and the names of some of the most distinguished members in the list of Patrons, as well as of some of the Committee men, are mentioned as having declined all further connexion with a Society which has achieved so unenviable a notoriety. Others, it is said,—and this is more to the purpose,—are about to institute a thorough investigation into the mode in which the Society has been conducted and its funds have been administered since it was first established. Such an inquiry is obviously no less due to the reputations of the patrons



and the committee themselves than called for as an act of justice towards the subscribers.

The Royal Botanic Society of London have come to the resolution—now that their gardens are sufficiently advanced in cultivation to be rendered of direct service to the scientific botanist—to invite gentlemen of known botanical acquirements to hold a conversazione occasionally in their conservatory. "The council are convinced that they may receive much benefit from the suggestions thrown out at these friendly meetings,—and that the progress of their labours towards maturity may by such aid be greatly hastened and rendered suitable to the wants of the metropolis to which the gardens are so closely attached." Accordingly, the first of these meetings took place on Monday last,—and, favoured by the fineness of the weather, brought together a considerable company. The illustration of economic botany was the subject proposed. A collection of paintings was among the attractions offered; some of them being productions of the students of the School of Design—who have the privilege of studying in the gardens. The specimens of plants and their applications were many,—including British plants, fossil plants, conifera, New Zealand plants, tropical fruits, &c.

We are glad to note the spread of archaeological institutions throughout the several counties of England; and have pleasure in announcing the formation of one in Somersetshire, to be called "The Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society." It seems to start with spirit; and has a very good list of members' names to offer as a guarantee of success. The rules seem to be well considered; and the annual subscription is as low as 10s.—the admission fee being 10s. also. Rule 17 states, that "papers read at meetings of the Society, and considered by the committee of sufficient interest for publication, shall be forwarded (with the author's consent) to such periodical as shall be determined by the committee to be the best for the purpose,—with a request that a number of such papers may be printed separately, for distribution to the members of the Society, either gratuitously or for such payment as may be agreed on."—One of the objects of the Society is, to collect, by donation or purchase, a library and museum, more particularly illustrating the history, natural, civil, and ecclesiastical, of the county of Somerset.

Intelligence has been received by the Geographical Society of London of a series of shocks of earthquake which have occurred at the Marianas; commencing on the 25th of January at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, —and extending, at intervals of a quarter of and half an hour, over a period of eight days. Pits were opened,—fissures in the earth sent forth water and smoke,—flames of fire issued out of the rivulets,—and in the bay the sea retired, leaving vessels stranded on the reefs.

On Thursday in last week the French Academy had its annual public sitting for the distribution of its last year's prizes and the announcement of its next year's subjects. The Report was read by M. Villemain.—After the literary awards, the Virtues came in, as usual, on stilts, posing melodramatically, to be crowned. Chastity, for example, has a medal in France,—bestowed under circumstances and with a parade very likely to destroy the root of Modesty on which it grew. According to the Montyon theory, men and women are virtuous in France "for a consideration,"—and are made to wear their virtue "on their sleeve" like a badge.—An English eye would scarcely recognize the Charities in their Montyon tinsel.

It is stated from St. Petersburg that the Emperor has just issued an ukase which is worth quoting as giving our readers some notion of the promising condition of education in the happy territories of the Czar of All the Russias. His Imperial Majesty—that great patron of English Art, who builds up our national columns and subsidizes our racing-fields—finds learning overrunning his convenience in his own dominions. The education of his people is to be reduced to a small per-centage,—the bread of knowledge is to bear a more moderate proportion to the sack of ignorance. This significant decree limits henceforth the number of students in any of the Russian universities to three hundred:—and as at present there is a great excess over this modest

allowance (the University of Moscow, for instance, having a thousand students, and that of Dorpat, six hundred and fifty), no new student is to be admitted into any of these universities until the number there shall have fallen below three hundred. The next generation is therefore to be dark in the mass:—and afterwards education is to be made—as in the memory of man it was considered amongst ourselves such a luxury should—an affair of class and privilege. The vacancies when they occur are to be recruited first from the nobles—next from those destined for the profession of medicine. His Imperial Majesty has fallen back upon the wisdom of "the fine old English gentleman,"—only he has forgotten the new conditions of the world in which that extinct species lived. It is only in the fossil state that "the fine old English gentleman" could now be kept above ground in England. No doubt his Imperial Majesty dislikes the fruits of knowledge which he has seen unnaturally forced in the sudden glow of the revolutionary spirit all around him,—and thinks that he can still sow the earth with dragons' teeth, instead of such dangerous seed, at his pleasure, to yield him only armed men. We take upon ourselves the office of Zadkiel,—and prophesy. Out of the darkness which he would create around him shall come the monsters that shall devour him. They whom he deems to be the lean kine in the matter of instruction shall eat up his fat kine. The irresistible power of knowledge which is abroad shall crush those who seek to crush it.—There is nothing that we should welcome more warmly, in the interest of his subjects, than a few more ukases in the same spirit from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias.

#### Last Week but One.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN. Admission (From Eight o'clock till Seven), 1s; Catalogue, 1s.

RETT GALLERY, NOW OPEN, at the SECKETT of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and modern BRITISH ARTISTS, including the TOWN COLLECTION of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from Nine o'clock till Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from Nine o'clock till Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALLEY of ROSENLAU, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA MARIA, Palermo, with all the grand details of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Six.

ROYAL MISSISSIPPI PAINTING.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—BANKARD'S Great Picture having returned from Windsor Castle, where it was exhibited by command to Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen, L.R.M. Prince Albert, the Royal Family, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, having received Royal Approbation, is now open as usual at the EGYPTIAN HALL, every Morning at Half-past Two;—Evening at Half-past Seven. Doors open half an hour before commencing. Admission, Lower Seats, 2s; Gallery, 1s.

THE NILE.—On Monday next, the 16th instant, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, WILL BE OPENED a new and splendid MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE, exhibiting the whole of the stupendous Works of Antiquity now remaining on its banks, between CAIRO, the capital of EGYPT, and the Second Cataract in NUBIA. Painted by Henry Warren and James Escher, from Drawings made by Joseph Bonomi during a residence of many years in Egypt.—Hours: Three, Noon, and Seven, Evening.—Stalls, 2s; Pit, 2s; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY, by Mr. J. M. Ashley, daily, at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Nine o'clock. LECTURE by Dr. Bachoffner, on MASTERS' PATENT PROCESS OF FREEZING DESSERT ICES, &c. LECTURE ON PAINTING, by J. Clark, Esq., illustrated by examples from the Old Masters. A LECTURE ON CHARACTER, with MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, by J. Russell, Esq., every Evening at Eight o'clock. THE MICROSCOPE. THE DISSOLVING VIEWS include Scenes in AUSTRALIA and VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, from original Drawings taken on the spot by J. Skinner Pratt, Esq.; also a NEW SERIES of DIORAMIC EFFECTS, by Mr. Child. NEW CHROMATROPE. DIVER and DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1s; Schools, Half-price.

#### SOCIETIES

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—July 2.—S. Smirke, V.P. in the chair.—Among the donations were some models representing the actual state of the Temples at Agrigentum, and executed in the native stone. They were presented by J. St. Barbe, Esq.

Communications were read from the Chevalier Bunsen and Herr Stülen, of Berlin, recommending specimens of zinc castings of columns, capitals, bases, and figures, executed by Herr Geiss;—who attended, and offered some further explanation of his mode of preparing and casting zinc.

A paper was read, written by Mr. Foster, British Consul to the Republic of Nicaragua, describing the Cathedral of St. Peter, Leon, Nicaragua, and the domestic architecture of that city.

A paper was read by C. R. Cockerell, Esq., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, "On Style in Architecture." After alluding to that latitude of style in architecture and the licence in the choice of style which unhappily at the present epoch are not only permitted but professed, the author observed, that as intensity of character is commonly distinguished in society by a peculiar aspect, habit, or bearing, so should the great national works of a people be distinguished in the pages of time. The architect, therefore, who limits his ambition to the reproduction of an antique model, carries a lie in his right hand;—he shows himself to posterity as a renegade to his country and his age;—he is false to history, for his aim would seem to be to deceive posterity and to perpetuate anachronisms;—he confesses his incapacity to delineate his own times, and shrinks from the exhibition of them, as if knowing their unworthiness. As well might the popular writer insist on the use of the style of Bede or Spenser, and the obsolete language of Wickliffe and Wykeham, as that the architect should absolutely reproduce the form and character of taste in that period:—and if Art means anything, and we assume to read its language, the one proposition is certainly not more ridiculous than the other. In speculating on the latent causes of the vicious system of copying without any attempt at modification, Prof. Cockerell said, that although the mere fashion of public opinion always influences Art, as it does everything else, yet he thought much of the evil may be attributed to the want of an enlightened, searching, and generous criticism, such as existed in the beginning and to the end of the last century, from Boileau and Pope to Payne Knight, Alison, and others. He especially drew attention to the remarkable fact, that during the last thirty years of devotional building, in which upwards of 1,400 churches of England have been erected by the zeal of churchmen, not one of that learned body (as in the middle ages) has produced a critical work on style, as adapted to our Ritual, to guide architects. They have changed their "building regulations" every five or six years, and have waived all consistency; and they seem to have been satisfied in raising "folds" in any way for the wandering flock. The decline of the drama,—that mirror in which the state even of the Arts was wont to be reflected,—has not been without its effect; and it is worthy of remark, said the Professor, that when the drama has flourished, so have the sister Fine Arts, especially architecture. One of the great faults committed by architects was their allowing all logical consistency of feeling, all regularity, harmony, and conformity, enjoined by the first principles of sound sense and artistic composition, to be sacrificed to a pedantic display of our universal knowledge of historical styles and dates, and the trivial conceit of a dramatic reproduction to the very life (in the absence of the theatre itself) of the several periods they represent. Again, we find them preferring the ornaments, the rhetoric, so to speak, to the logic which is its only just foundation. This is mere pedantry and affectation. Such a spirit will not do in the war of the camp or of politics, at the bar, or in engineering. Why, then, should it be tolerated in the serious and responsible art of architecture? Nature is never illogical,—for her rhetoric is the mere appendage and the natural consequence of her use and purpose. How often do we find the young architect, filled with the beauty of the classic column and entablature, of the portico and the pediment, introducing them where their unfitness actually destroys the very beauty he is so anxious to display! It is from this false principle that we have churches on a Roman Catholic plan adapted to a Protestant Ritual,—tressed walls with tie-beam roofs, belfry towers without bells, and all the quackery of sedilia, piscina, &c., where they are without use or purpose. The

After some of the severe comment on conformity to the medieval and romantic building, in cor- Remember to the public investigation exercise a consider- technical art, occupy of regina, gu- only her but those eighty or ninety civil

BOTANY paper "O- and the V- Fertilizer which the extraction charcoal. past was in ad- and advan- property that now military been so being a per 10 per ce the great in night- away with them. into a mo- two-thirds was imp- of plants of carbon were in but trea- out for influence



adherence to Palladian or Italian example and dimensions in designing masonic architecture, without the slightest allowance for the growth of modern building—the glazing of windows in Elizabethan or “early domestic” buildings with quarrel glass, in bits of four inches square, in preference to the splendid and cheap plates of the present day, each of which would fill a window—all this results from that mania for imitation which, far from showing progress in Art, is disgraceful retrogression. It is in earnestness of purpose that we must look for what is called genius for fitness, novelty, and beauty. Genius, so called, is but the more strenuous attention to the means presented to our faculties by a closer criticism—by greater diligence in the artist—by concurrent efforts, liberality, and patronage—and, above all, by a field to work in offered by the public. Until these conditions are presented, we shall of course have imitation; that ready evasion of the most difficult and painful of all labour—the labour of thought. If the prize and occasion be mean, the enterprising and the powerful mind will take another career, leaving those pursuits to second and third-rate minds. The wise architect, while he admits the whole power of association in the effects and influence of his art—while he sanctifies his work with archaisms, and bends in some degree to fashions—still seeks to embody the spirit of the actual times as well as that of antiquity, engraving the useful powers of growing science and the recent graces of convenience with a certain reserve; and thus he fulfils the great purpose of his office, captivates all observers by the production of things new and old, remembering always the immortal words of Schiller—

The artist is the child of his time;  
Happy for him if he is not its pupil,  
Happier still if not its favourite.

After some suggestions on the style to be employed in the several departments of architecture, devotional, monumental, or domestic—urging the necessity of uniformity to the Ritual as regards the plans of our churches in whatever style, and showing that the mediæval architecture was not applicable to our domestic buildings of the present day—Prof. Cockerell will, in conclusion:—“Let us only betrust ourselves. Remember that we are *masters* as well as *servants* to the public. Without dogma or pedantry, let us investigate and disseminate good principles and exercise a wholesome discretion. Let us for a moment consider the mighty influence for good on all the technic and æsthetic Arts—those Arts that either occupy or captivate half mankind—which our *Ars regia*, guided by this Institute, exercises over not only her graphic sisters of Painting and Sculpture, but those of Manufacture also, throughout this mighty empire and her colonies, and indeed over every civilized country of the world.”

**BOTANICAL.**—July 6.—Mr. J. W. Rogers read a paper ‘On the Uses and Properties of Peat Moss, and the Value of Peat Charcoal as a Disinfectant and Fertilizer.’ The object was to show the purposes into which the bogs of Ireland could be converted by the extraction of peat from them for its conversion into charcoal. The charcoal extracted from the Irish peat was preferable to wood charcoal; and one of its advantages was the effect it had as a disinfectant and deodorizing agent. Wood charcoal had not that property to such an extent. It was therefore singular that now, when there was so much excitement about sanitary matters, an agent so powerful should have been so much overlooked. It was also valuable as being a powerful absorbent; as it would absorb about 40 per cent. of water, and keep it for the benefit of the soil which might surround it, while it took up the greater portion of the obnoxious gases inherent in night soil and sewage matter, and thereby did away with any bad effect which might result from them. It therefore was capable of being converted into a manure of great value,—the proportions being two-thirds of night soil to one-third of charcoal. It was impossible to find a better manure for the food of plants; for containing, as it did, a large quantity of carbon, it exhaled the ammonia and the salt which were in the night soil, did not allow them to escape, but treasured them up, and in due time gave them out for the sustenance of the plants placed under its influence. No better agent could be found for im-

proving the sanitary condition of the metropolis. Were a proper system observed by means of this agent, the sewage matter of London could be converted into a source of profit, while the bad effects arising from the effluvia which emanated from such would be got rid of. According to a calculation which the writer had made, the matter so produced by a family of six, would in the course of a year, if subjected to the influence of this agent, yield 30l. per annum; and supposing the cost of charcoal and other expenses to amount to 15l.—which they could not exceed—there would still be a profit of 15l. That might be doubted,—but it was a fact which he had ascertained after careful consideration; and he had further ascertained that were all the houses in London which are rented at upwards of 10l. to adopt that system, they would earn a profit of 15l. per house, or 3,000,000l. per annum. In order to do that they would have to collect the refuse from all these houses into one great cesspool, and then apply the agent he alluded to; and were that done, it would be the best means of clearing the metropolis of that nuisance which now so much affected the health of its inhabitants:—for, as matters now are, who could stand for an instant in the vicinity of one of these gratings in the street without being affected by the effluvia which proceeded from it? After some illustrations in proof of his statement, Mr. Rogers said he did not see the smallest difficulty there could be in carrying out his plans in the metropolis. At the present time ashes were collected for the benefit of the parish,—and why should they not give up the other refuse matter in like manner to the parish upon a proper understanding? It was true, no experiment had been as yet made on a large scale in order to test the truth of his theory; but the reason was, that charcoal could not be obtained on a large scale. He had been requested by the guardians of the poor of Macclesfield, some weeks ago, to try the experiment on a nuisance there; and, although the charcoal was of a bad description, the peat having been obtained from a neighbouring moss, it had been eminently successful. He had no doubt whatever that it would be so in every case.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—July 10.—Dr. Gamble in the chair. —The Secretary read letters which had been received from J. J. Forrester, Esq., W. Grace, Esq., Her Majesty’s vice-consul at Mogadore, and the Hon. C. A. Murray, Her Majesty’s consul-general in Egypt. He reported that the total number of animals received into the menagerie since the last meeting exceeds one hundred. They consisted of donations from His late Highness Ibrahim Pacha and Lieut.-Col. Butterworth, and a valuable collection acquired by the aid of the Hon. C. A. Murray.

Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited specimens of the larva, pupa, and a perfect insect of *Sirex gigas*, an insect mostly rare in Great Britain. These specimens were sent to Mr. Gray from Bath by Mr. Brunel, and were accompanied by fragments of the wood on which the larva had fed. It appears that about eighteen months since a quantity of larch trees were cut in the neighbourhood of Bath, and after having been used as scaffolding poles in the repairing of one of the churches in that city they have been used for a similar purpose at the railway station. From these poles thousands of individuals, chiefly females, of *Sirex gigas* are now coming forth. From the specimens exhibited it would seem that the larva prefers the soft sap wood to the more solid internal part of the trees; penetrating this part longitudinally, at a little distance from the bark, the perfect insect gnawing its way through when ready to make its appearance. Mr. Doubleday remarked that there was here ample evidence to disprove St. Fargeau’s idea that this fine insect is a parasite upon some timber-boring beetle,—an opinion already controverted by Mr. Westwood and others. The larva, pupa, and perfect insect are figured by Ratzeburg in his work on ‘Insects Injurious to Forests;’ but he gives no details of the habits of the insect, nor any figures indicating the mode of life of the larva.

Mr. Gould described two new species of humming birds under the names of *Heliodoxa jacula* and *Eriopus simplex*.

Mr. Lovell Reeve described fifteen new species of

the genus *Bulimus*, from the collection of H. Cumming, Esq., collected in South America by Mr. Lobb.

# MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Horticultural, 3.—Dr. Lindley ‘On the Diseases to which Plants are liable.’

## FINE ARTS

*An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with Reference to Architecture.* By James Fergusson, Esq. Part I. Longman & Co.

If we are to adopt as a dogma of faith what few are in the habit of doubting, that the changeful and varying tone of the literature of every country is but an embodiment of the fluctuating influences that govern and determine the character of public opinion—and thus, to the mind’s eye project the shadows of impending events—then should we feel greatly alarmed for the fate of all that gallant array of prejudices and conventionalities, classical and time-honoured, which old association has conjured around us,—perceiving, as we must, the fashionably republican character of Mr. Fergusson’s attack upon them. Ultra-Protestant and eminently subjective as the volume is, it goes far to supply what every man reflecting on the subject must feel as the great and crying want of the present moment,—a good, practically philosophical view of the actual condition and exigencies of the art of Architecture as now practised, and a careful examination of the science of its history—endeavouring, as far as possible, to cull from the study all those foreign alimentary principles which can by any means tend to enrich and fertilize our impoverished and too nearly effete soil.

In our own language, prior to the publication of Mr. Hope’s admirable Essay, we possessed no really intellectual picture of the general history of the art; and the only works from whence the architect could derive any chronological views, or through which he could institute any broad comparisons of style, were the sadly incomplete ones of D’Agincourt and Durand. Since then, though through several of the encyclopædias and through the labours of such men as Mr. Gwilt and Mr. Hoskings much has been attempted, still but little has been done. In industrious Germany the case has been far different; since the exertions of Kugler and Schnaaser have supplied what may be almost regarded as model-manuals of general art-history. In France the valuable *résumés* of Batisier and Ramée have helped to popularize and simplify the subject; and even in Italy the numerous publications of the Cavaliere Canina and the “Saggio” and other works of the Marchese Selvatico have done much to interest the public mind in such investigations.

The great fault, however, which is common to all these theses, must be recognized in the extremely objective form in which the monuments, the great landmarks of the history, the visible though dead exponents of dormant though not extinct principles, have always been treated. Their anatomy has been presented to us in the minutest form; but we look in vain for the great physician who from his study of their physiology and pathology has laid open to the world’s inquiry the laws that governed, the causation that elaborated, their constitution and condition. The history of Art that every civilized nation requires is one which, while containing a description of the great works of antiquity sufficiently elaborate to enable the unprofessional though cultivated reader to reproduce them in a tolerably vivid form in the recesses of his brain, and thus to form a continual check on the deductions presented by the author for his analysis,—shall at the same time convey lessons of so much import and subjective character touching the immediate and practical benefits to be derived from such investigations, as to win the accomplished Utilitarian to a thoughtful and anxious sympathy and affection for the abstract art and the purity and perfection of its study and products. If, through the publication of some such work or series of works as this, it would be possible to concentrate the serious attention of one tithe of the educated community—one half of the class of employers—on the absolute advancement of any one science or art, then should we assuredly (in one or two generations, if not at once) meet with professors answering to their requirements, and artificers capable of executing

what Greek or Roman could scarcely have imagined in their loftiest flights of fancy. Well, indeed, may Mr. Fergusson remark—

"What is most wanted is a better style of education for the upper classes. It is in them that the great danger to society exists, and from them that the example must come that will elevate the tone of society. It is in vain to hope that a poor man, who has his daily bread to earn by the sweat of his brow, can have either the leisure or the opportunity to improve the arts of his country. Long thought and elegant refinement are essential for the improvement of a fine art, and these can exist only among the upper classes: long, patient, steady, and expensive research can alone advance science; and these, too, are incompatible with the condition of the lower orders. But when the upper classes are so refined as to make Art a necessity to them, have their taste so cultivated as to be able to appreciate what is right and what is wrong, and knowledge sufficient to direct and command, then will Art advance; and they will soon find ten thousand hands ready and able to execute what they must conceive, but what the labourer now neither can nor dare attempt. At present we have not an upper class capable of conceiving or creating, and consequently no lower class trained merely to execute; but Art rents half way on a class combining both attributes, and who practise it only for its money-value as a trade, thinking and executing themselves."

As (perhaps unhappily) Mr. Fergusson's field of vision is so vast as to fit his work only for the perusal of the quasi-universal, and at the same time so minute as to be comprehensible only, in its full extent and import, to the professional student,—a necessarily hasty analysis of the general current of his argument may tend in some degree to facilitate the inquiry as to how far we may concede to him the honour of filly supplying the desideratum we have already alluded to.

Since the "principles of beauty" pervade all Nature, irradiating from the great source and centre of beauty, linking all her emanations into one great family (any effort to resolve which into integral elements is, it must be remembered, purely arbitrary and artificial on the part of man), it becomes necessary in order to appreciate their constitution to glance at the affiliation and connexion of all those sciences into which they breathe vitality. This our author in his brilliant Introduction has most ably done. Proceeding from the Infinite to the finite, he turns from the *Deity* to *matter*; and thence to the abstract laws—arithmetic, geometry and universal mechanics—which appear to govern its conditions. The science of matter falls at once into two sections,—physical and anthropological,—the former subsisting independently of man's existence, the latter deriving its origin from his peculiar endowments. *Physical* science Mr. Fergusson divides into æthereal, mineral, vegetable, and animal under the zoological aspect. All subordinates of these heads are regarded strictly in the two-fold aspect of space and time; the former treating of present and constant influences, the latter of the succession and laws of mutation. Thus, chemistry, geography, &c. are referable to the mineral kingdom in space—geology and history in time.

Defined, illustrated and relieved by contrast with this great background, Man and his interests, the anthropic sciences are projected in a clear and perfect form for our investigation; and on the results of his inquiries into the conditions of the complex figure so assumed, Mr. Fergusson bases his great argument. He finds man differing from all other beings in the power of dividing labour, and recording, combining and eliminating from experiences. From his possession of the former quality he derives the existence in separate and concrete forms of all *human arts*,—and from the latter every amelioration and improvement in their structure. The first he regards as the static condition,—the second as the dynamic. The corollary ultimately deducible from this reasoning is, that as the one power inevitably originates, so must the other improve them; and that if in the history of mankind, either in the *present day* or a thousand years ago, any one branch of Art may be found to have stood still or retrograded, it follows as a matter of certainty that this noble godlike power must have been in some respect abused, and vague association or vulgar prejudice have assumed the form of the legitimate traditions of true wisdom and experience. Every material production of man's ingenuity asserts in itself some element of each of three great dominant influences peculiar to his nature, viz.—the "*Technic*" or muscular, that which gives to the work of Art its mechanical perfection—the "*Æsthetic*," or sensual, that which renders its

from, colour or texture agreeable to the senses—and the "*Phonetic*," or speaking, that which gives it voice, and explains to universal sympathy the intellectual cause of its origination.

Led by his considerations of human nature and of the connexion of all the various genera of anthropic sciences emanating from that source, to recognize in every work of Art the existence of something of each of these three ingredients, in constantly fluctuating ratios, Mr. Fergusson has adopted certain formulae as landmarks in his great survey; and has in this manner been enabled to construct scales from a comparison of which the value under different "*rappports*" of any monument may be approximately assumed. Thus, a grand expression of musical genius may be assumed as consisting of 2 portions of mechanical perfection, 6 of sensual, 4 of directly intellectual; while a finished monument of architectural skill should exhibit the three elements grouped in an equal ratio such as 4 . 4 . 4.

Armed with such deductions from his studies of the physical and metaphysical structure of man, with such a scale to test his labours by, and with a full and firm conviction that progress is his birthright, his privilege and his glorious destiny,—Mr. Fergusson enters on the history of Art (more especially of Architecture) with an apparently conscientious determination to test the truth and justice of his abstract speculations by the manner and degree in which he may find them recorded on the crumbling monuments of antiquity. Now, it must be obvious that when an author, however great his talent may be, starts with such foregone conclusions—with the truly Protestant determination to doubt everything that militates against his own opinions and the truly Catholic one of persecuting every opponent—when he takes with him as companion on his perilous journey only the invariable *I*,—he runs some little risk of presenting to the incautious student pictures glowing too brightly with colours of his own infusing, non-existent in nature,—and hypotheses overpowering from their novelty, brilliant from their originality, and thoroughly calculated to dazzle the eyes of a generation so little accustomed to that inestimable quality as the present. At the same time, therefore, that we would urge every one interested in the fine arts to make a deep and serious study of this most interesting work, we would implore them to preserve in their reading the same spirit of bold and unscrupulous investigation that the author has himself exhibited when treading the heretofore sacred paths of pompous conventionality and ponderous prejudice.

"Who shall decide where doctors disagree?" never seems to enter for a moment into Mr. Fergusson's consideration. At one gulp he swallows a very pretty scheme of Egyptian chronology; and difficulties of race, time, and anomalous change are to him little more than stones and steeples are said to have been to the Dragon of Wantley. Divested, however, of their occasionally egotistic little flourishing of trumpets, every one of the arguments throughout the book is worthy of serious attention and displays great knowledge and depth of thought. The most interesting as well as the most novel portion of the Egyptian section of the volume is that relating to the ethnographic peculiarities of the country and the variations in the monuments incidental to the succession and domination of races. This forms comparatively a new branch of study,—and claims earnest attention on a two-fold ground; for if, on the one hand, the lost and occult uses of a building may be illustrated by the known or recorded idiosyncrasies of its constructors,—particulars touching extinct and unknown races may, on the other (by reversing the process), be satisfactorily predicated from obvious anomalies and contradistinctive peculiarities in ruins, the tradition of the authorship of which may have been lost. Of course, if these "*vetusta monumenta*" were all that could be referred to, speculation would be exceedingly speculative; but when physiological eccentricities, local tradition, historical investigation, comparative numismatics, and extraordinary philological affinities are brought to concur with what may be termed the monumental evidence of any country, cases of the most extraordinary interest are so forcibly thrust forward by circumstance that the veriest sceptic can scarcely refrain from arriving at the most startling conclusions.

Of the extreme interest and importance of inquiries Mr. Fergusson's volume presents no more interesting specimen than is exhibited by the mass of his researches into the primeval arts of Asia Minor. After, like the geologist, piercing through a variety of tertiary and secondary deposits, he arrives at last at a really granitic base,—and comes to the hypothetical conclusion "that Asia Minor was in very ancient times the seat of that race which we know in Greece as the Pelasgi, in Italy as the Etruscans, of whom the Phœnicians probably were a branch, and who either under that name or under their own possessed colonies in France, in Spain, and probably even in Britain." Setting aside any collateral evidence derivable from other sources, the extraordinary affinities that are found in all tumuli, and in all relating to them, and the universality of the horizontal arch and dome in those ancient constructions which are scattered over the world—from the Tombs of Alyattes, near Sardis, "the remains in Japan," the "so-called treasures of Mycenæ, the monuments of Tarquinia, and" perhaps the Nurbags of Saridonia to the extraordinary cave of New Grange in Ireland,—establish at any rate a wonderful field for inquiry and speculation. When the labours of another generation of *savans* shall have thrown more light on ancient Greek, Etruscan, and Eubœian inscriptions, the cloud may perhaps be in some degree dispelled which hangs over the history of the infant condition of the technic arts throughout Europe. Though many writers have arrived, by a species of tacit consent, at something like many of Mr. Fergusson's conclusions on ethnographic affiliations, none have dared to state their convictions with either the energy or the lucidity which characterize his essays.

His speculations on the nature of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus,—on the method of lighting the Greek temples,—and on such tombs as that of Porcenna, are all very ingenious and clever; but unhappily to most such inquiries when viewed as historical evidence, we can only apply the eternal Italian phrase—"è possibile, ma! chi sa? A notice like the present is unfortunately, or fortunately, not exactly the arena in which to discuss the probabilities (of the possibilities there can be no doubt) of any such restorations.

Of Rome and her Art Mr. Fergusson takes a very low view; regarding it as almost as "monkey" in style as our own at the present day. His summing-up of her position might apply with singular felicity to too much of what England is in the habit of perpetrating from year to year, and indeed from hour to hour. By substituting the word English for "Roman" the following passage reads most curiously.—

"Indeed, in almost all Roman buildings, what we most admire is the mass and the constructive magnificence; it is those which more directly belong to architecture, the effect is oftener spoiled than aided by the ornamental details; but in those which we should call engineering works, there is no temptation to introduce incongruous or inappropriate ornament, and we can, in consequence, admire them without being shocked by the inconsistencies and bad taste so destructive to the beauty of their buildings, which, from the scale on which they are conceived, and the quantity of ornament lavished on them, ought to have been the greatest architectural productions in the world. Greatness and richness, however, though two of the principal elements of architectural effect, are not the only ones; and though many of the Roman edifices add appropriateness to their qualities, even that will not suffice: ill-understood or ill-applied ornament, concealed construction, the juxtaposition of inappropriate parts, and the junction of incongruous ornaments and styles, copying and borrowing blindfold instead of inventing,—in short, a want of artistic feeling and understanding of the subject, characterise and spoil all the architectural efforts of the Romans: and though their history and art are vast and imposing, it would be well for us if we could learn to shudder at the idea of such an ado, and shrink from copying the vulgarity and bad taste of the other. Their engineering works, however, as being not so open to this objection, might be copied without the same bad effects as their æsthetic architecture; and, indeed, have been copied by us, but in the same mode as we copied their laws, not by repeating their forms wholesale and without thinking, but by extracting from them every thing that we could find more forcible, or seems more pregnant with important consequences, than the facility with which we have surpassed the Romans in the two arts in which they were really original and successful, those of law-making and civil-engineering, while we bow before them and acknowledge our too evident inferiority to them in literature and



of the fine arts, in which they were so inferior to all the achievements of antiquity, and neither ever did an original thing nor achieved a respectable success. If any one can offer a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon than its arising from a thoroughly vicious system of education, which I believe to be the true one, he will render a service to the cause of art; for, knowing the cause of the disease, we may discover the remedy. To me, neither the cause nor the remedy seem to be the smallest degree either doubtful or difficult."

With the *résumé* on Roman Art the first volume terminates; and its character is sufficiently valuable to make us long eagerly for the second. In that Mr. Fergusson will be "et cetera et respondere ceteris,"—since there exists no one, we believe, who has devoted half the attention that he has to Oriental Art. Altogether, we hail this portion of a real history of Art as the harbinger of that "good time that must come," since even five years ago, during the height of the Camdenian mania, such a volume, one so liberal, sensible, and enthusiastic, could not have been written;—and certainly neither publisher would have been found rash enough to print, professor accomplished enough to understand, nor public interested enough to read it.

Let it not, however, be imagined that in our estimation of his talent we are blind to the existence of passages in which Mr. Fergusson's *I* assumes the "Erebus vein" in terrible style,—in which the "Sir Oracle" is proclaimed in sad trumpet-tongued vapouring,—but since it were invidious to dwell upon spots in the sun when we have cause to be thankful for its light, let us hope that they may vanish from our gaze more and more completely in every subsequent edition of this really standard work.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—The *Journal of Design* states that the Art-Union of London is about to engrave *in fac simile*, and present to its subscribers for 1849-50, the designs of Mr. MacIac for 'The Seven Ages' of Shakespeare which were exhibited last year at the Royal Academy,—made originally for Felix Hammerly's Art-Manufactures.—Mr. MacIac has likewise made a design for a goblet, for the Society of Arts; which is now in process of execution by the Messrs. Garrard.

The Paris papers state that the French Government has determined on restoring such of the Roman monuments as have been injured by its own doings in reference to the Eternal City,—and that artists are already selected to proceed to Rome for the purposes of this restoration. The *Temps* seems puzzled by this announcement,—and puts a question which betrays its mystification. We own for ourselves, too, to the mystification,—and adopt the question—"Would it not have been more simple," says the *Temps*, "not to bombard Rome?" Certainly, knocking down monuments for the purpose of setting them up again seems to us very like some of the devices by which Mr. James the novelist contrives to get his three volumes out of one,—or the diversion of another French army of old, which "marched up the hill, and then marched down again!"

The Academy for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Bristol, says the *Art-Journal*, "was founded some years since by the munificence of a lady, Mrs. Sharples; who made over by deed of gift, 2,000*l.* to certain trustees for the establishment of the institution. The wishes of Mrs. Sharples were seconded by some gentlemen of Bristol, more especially by Mr. Miles, one of the members for the city. Prince Albert, the Duke of Beaufort and the Bishop of the diocese became patrons of the institution; and presented to it donations which, together with those of Mr. Miles and the other gentlemen before referred to, amounted to upwards of 1,200*l.* Mrs. Sharples has recently died, and has bequeathed to the Academy, after leaving certain legacies and annuities, the whole residue of her property, amounting to nearly 4,000*l.* Thus, the institution is now in possession of upwards of 5,000*l.*,—a large sum for a provincial school of Art. It is, of course, intended to erect a suitable building when an eligible site can be obtained; meanwhile, premises have been taken in a central part of the city, where there has been fitted up an excellent exhibition-room, with ample accommodation for the life academy,—which most important department of the institution has been in an efficient state for several years."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

**FIRST REPRESENTATION OF 'LE PROPHÈTE.'**  
FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.—In the course of Next Week will be produced for the first time in this country, Meyerbeer's New Grand Opera, 'LE PROPHÈTE,' in Four Acts founded on historical incidents in the life of Jean de Leyden, in 1534. With entirely New Scenery, Costumes, and Appearances, and with the most powerful ensemble.—*Fides* (Mother of Jean de Leyden), Madame Viardot (the original representative of the part at the Grand Opera, in Paris, her first appearance this season); *Berta* ( betrothed to Jean de Leyden), Miss Catherine Hayes; Jean de Leyden (the Prophet), Signor Mario; Count d'Overthal, Signor Tagliacozzi; Sergeant, Signor Lavia; *Peasant*, Signor Bonini and Signor Solli; *Gloha*, Mathien, and *Zaccaria* (the Three Leaders of the Westphalian Heretics), Signor Polonini, Signor Mei, and Signor Marini.

The Directors have the pleasure to announce, that as a mark of respect to the distinguished Composer, Mlle. Corbali and Mlle. de Meric have, in the kindest manner, consented to sing in the Choir of the Third Act, commencing the Finale, in which, in addition to the Orchestra increased for this Opera, Two Military Bands will be employed. Mr. Casini will preside at the Organ, in the Scene of the Coronation of Jean de Leyden.

In the Second Act, the Incidental Divertissement will comprise the Pas de la Redowa and Pas du Galop, in which Mlle. Wuthier and Signor Casati will dance; and also the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs, invented for 'Le Prophète' by M. Maillie, in Paris, and arranged by Mr. A. Harris for this Theatre, with the Original Music of Meyerbeer.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA. The Libretto edited and translated by Mr. A. Harris.

The following new Scenery has been painted for this Opera by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin:—Act I. Scene 1. A Landscape near Dordrecht. Scene 2. Interior of a Dutch Ambury.—Act II. A Winter Scene in the Environs of Munster, in which will be danced the original 'Quadrille des Patineurs'.—Act III. Scene 1. A Public Place in Munster, with the Coronation of Jean de Leyden.—Act IV. A Prison Vault in the Palace of Munster.—Scene the Last, Grand Banquet Hall in the Palace.

The Costumes by Mrs. Bailey and Madame Marnio. The Properties and Appearances by Mr. Elmiry. The Stage Machinery by Mr. Allen. The Divertissement by Signor Casati. And the Spectacle under the direction of Mr. A. Harris.

The exclusive right of representation of 'Le Prophète' has been secured to the Royal Italian Opera by a contract with M. Meyerbeer, the Composer, and M. Scribe, the Author of the French Libretto. The copyright of the Music is the property of Messrs. Grauer, Beale & Co. 301, Regent-street, and Mr. J. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; and the Opera is now published. Correct copies of the books can only be maintained of Mr. Brettell, Rupert-street, Haymarket.

The performance will commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or season may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at the Principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.**—The Purcell Club gave its annual performance,—if such it must be called,—on Thursday week, by singing the composer's music in Westminster Abbey. The pieces chosen were the 'Te Deum' in D, the 'Benedictus' in B flat, and the anthems 'O sing unto the Lord' and 'My heart is inditing.' The choir consisted of sixty voices; Mr. Goss of St. Paul's conducted, and Mr. Turle presided at the organ. The last concert for the season at the Royal Italian Opera has taken place, with the extraneous assistance of M. de Kontski, M. Demunck, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Osborne.—This day week was given the last Concert for 1849 of the Royal Academy of Music. There is no progress to be recognized in this institution; from which it may be argued that there is no discipline nor system of management,—and hence to report upon its exhibitions is merely to reiterate a cry for reform. We are not sanguine in the hope of seeing this effected for some time to come.—The Musical Union closed its session on Tuesday, after a season, we are told, of unexampled patronage and prosperity.—Let us here state, that in noticing the Director's benefit *Matinée* a fortnight ago we reviewed the artists announced in the programme, not the performance itself. This explanation is called for, seeing that Signor Bottesini, whom we spoke of, was prevented by illness from appearing on the occasion.—With the mention of three minor Concerts in addition to those announced, our list for the Spring of 1849 may be closed. They were those of that clever singer Mlle. Vera—of Madame Garcia de Torres and M. Demunck—and of Signor Biletta—the last, as we have heretofore pointed out, a composer of more than the average Italian promise.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—It was hardly in nature that Madame Sontag's re-appearance this day week in 'Linda di Chamouni' should be fairly judged by "the many";—that partisanship and sympathy should leave the field clear for a fair and natural appreciation of her powers and her genius, so far as the public is concerned. The rumours of the preceding seven days had been significant enough. By some the lady was proved (because wished) to be as ancient as *Hiipa*,—by others, to be younger than *Hebe*. Some ere she had opened her mouth were satisfied that she would eclipse Mlle. Lind,—others were as sure that she stood not a moment's chance of a favourable hearing. Many a fond memory was stirred of

the delicious days of early opera-going,—when limbs were perilled and broad-cloth was rent to see her *Desdemona* with Pasta's *Otello*, or her *Semiramide* with Malibran's *Asace*. Many an impertinent comparison was provoked in the connoisseurs of a younger generation to whom a *prima donna* is nothing if not declamatory. All these "winds" of doctrine, fantasy, temper, self-interest, &c. must needs blow on such an occasion,—nor is it the easiest thing in the world for even *Rhadamanthus* self "to have and to hold" that central point of truth and calmness from which alone an accurate account based on "a fair construction" could by any possibility be gathered and promulgated.

And yet, allowing for associations, recollections, and fantasies which Poetry forbid that we should ever grow too old to retain and cherish,—the simple and surprising truth is, that never did returning artist stand less in need of pleas of mitigation,—never was stranger better able to abide the full glare of hard matter-of-fact comparison supposing her to have arrived unknown to fame, unloved by memory,—than Madame Sontag. That her voice has been cared for like some precious jewel is evident. An *altissimo* note or two are missing from the scale; but from c below to a above the line, the freshness, evenness, and sweetness of the organ are delightful. In particular the sunny geniality of tone from *r* to *f* is a rarity welcome in days when the canons of singing ordain that the *artiste* shall make her effects not with her natural but with her unnatural notes;—whence, accordingly, the former part of the voice is harassed and devastated to produce a forced growth. As regards power some diminution is to be heard. Nevertheless, it should be recollected that the performance of Saturday last must have had more than the anxiety and some of the inexperience of a *début*. Further, let it be not forgotten that in Madlle. Sontag's days the orchestra of Italian opera was not half as forcible as it has since become: while it is not impossible that the general tenderness and delicacy which the other evening "came o'er the ear" with all the peculiarity and charm of a contrast among the rougher singers of a new generation, may have been the *tone* (as the painters say) in request a score of years since. Be these things as they may, Time—to use the poet's phrase,—has treated the lady like a lover, not like a destroyer. For the lighter repertory of Rossini—in such parts as *Rosina*, *Cenerentola*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *Elena*, *Fiordiligi*—in all cases where her fellow-singers should also be delicate, expressive and flexible, rather than stentorian.—Madame Sontag's present volume of tone would amply and deliciously suffice. We were prepared for fatigue as the part of *Linda*—a rather unusually long one—approached its close; but none was apparent.

In point of style we are yet more gratified than by such high preservation of every natural grace. In no singer born and bred north of the Alps—with the solitary exception of Madame Cinti-Damorcau—have we enjoyed the same completeness and elegance. Madame Sontag has not laid by her exquisite volubility: her gracing of 'O luce di quest' anima' is brilliant, easy and playful; her ornaments are in no point or passage *rococo* (a high praise when it is recollected that the brilliants which sparkled at Marlborough House were set in a totally different fashion from those now worn at our Queen's Court); her execution of her passages, principally a *mezza voce*, is firm and thorough-going. The absence of crudity—the care over detail carried into all the minor portions and connecting links of the music—the soundness and truth of expression displayed in the second act—are of an order of excellence too rarely exhibited. In brief, "Once an artist always an artist" is a saying which applies to Madame Sontag's singing as truthfully as it did to the comedy of Mlle. Mars. It is a study for all the half-educated and presumptuous people of the rising generation.

Lastly, as to acting,—Madame Sontag did less this day week than certain preceding *Lindas* (shall we ever forget the flounderings and tossings to and fro of the delight of young Italy, Madame Tadolini?). But what she did was of the best kind: graceful, truthful in conception, and charmingly executed. As is only natural, her demeanour has gained rather than lost in elegance during her retirement from theatrical into court life. Any *librettist* or composer desiring refinement and high breeding in the *prima*



donna of his tale has now an opportunity. What a *Countess*, for instance, for 'Figaro' is here!

The evening before last Madame Sontag showed us *Count Almaviva's* Lady-love in her maiden troubles. That her voice must have its good and its less good days is inevitable; and merely to avoid the pernicious and misleading courtesy of false panegyric do we mention that Thursday was one of the latter. As a piece of singing, the only *Rosina* of our acquaintance comparable with Madame Sontag's was Madame Persiani's. Taking in order the three *morceaux* which comprise the display of the part, Madame Persiani's 'Una voce' was preferable as a piece of florid embroidery; but this may be an affair of individual taste in what M. Berlioz calls "musical lace-work." In 'Dunke in son' Madame Sontag must "have the crown," in right of the superior sweetness of her middle voice, and, we may add, of her conception also. In the lesson scene, where Madame Persiani introduced 'Nel cor piu' with a certain unparagoned variation of distant intervals, Madame Sontag, as of old, sings Rodé's air,—executing its *arpeggiato* variation with a combined brilliancy and fascination beyond the reach of any contemporary. Then, her acting in 'Il Barbiere' is delicious. Her *Rosina* may perhaps be "a thought" too quiet; but in places it is fine to a *finesse*,—which every lover of genteel comedy must relish in proportion as the grace becomes "beautifully less" in days like these.

We are glad to record Madame Sontag's reception and success as commensurate with her rare merit and the remarkable freshness which it still retains. To adapt the French *mot*—"There are plaudits and there are plaudits." Hers are of pure gold; recalling the glorious days of the Opera when such *artistes* as herself, Pasta, Malibran, Pizaroni and Meric-Lalande were the rule and not the exception,—and when after the curtain fell upon their singing, it rose upon the dancing of Taglioni!

**HAYMARKET.**—One of the raciest little dramas imaginable was produced with great success on Thursday. It is entitled 'An Alarming Sacrifice';—and is by Mr. Buckstone; being probably adapted from the French in its ground-plot, but in its dialogue it is perfectly and tellingly English. We call this little one-act piece a drama,—though denominated a farce in the announcements,—on account of its interest being legitimately comic and little dependent on incident. Of broad situations there are none. All is simple. A certain *Susan Sweetcapple* (Mrs. Fitzwilliam) has been a faithful servant to a recently deceased master; who it was expected would have left the bulk of his property to her. No will, however, is found. The estate therefore goes to a scape-grace nephew, *Bob Ticket* (Mr. Buckstone),—and he arrives at his uncle's villa to take possession. For Bob, Susan always had a sneaking kindness; and she is much concerned when from his conversation she discovers that his extravagant tendencies will lead to his ruin. With genuine feeling, the girl remonstrates with her new master; and finding him incorrigible, she resolves on leaving the house. But previously to doing so, she insists on her box being searched. Among its contents is a dress piece—a present from her late master just before his last illness,—untouched. She leaves it in the hands of Bob; who, by the way, is a draper's boy,—and who during her absence from the stage falls to speculating on its quality. In the course of his examination, the uncle's will drops out. Bob now finds himself cut off with a shilling,—and Susan to be the fortunate legatee. He has a long struggle with his conscience; but at length determines on making "an alarming sacrifice"—in a word, he hands over the will to Susan, instead of destroying it. It is then that the girl's love shows itself, after a certain rough manner. To take Bob down a peg or two, she makes him consent to become her servant; and sets him to polishing tongs and pokers, and to waiting at table. Satisfied at last of the success of her experiment,—she burns the will and rewards him with her hand. The dialogue in some parts becomes exceedingly ludicrous,—and excited much laughter. Mrs. Fitzwilliam was admirable as the prudent and generous waiting-maid; and Mr. Buckstone literally revelled in the abundance of his peculiar humour. The house, notwithstanding the hot weather, was full.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The provisional programme of the Birmingham Festival to be held on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of September has appeared and runs as follows. The "Principal singers already engaged" are Madame Castellan, Mdle. de Treffz, Miss A. Williams and Miss Hayes, Mdle. Albani, Miss M. Williams and Mdle. de Meric.—Signor Mario, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Williams, Signor Lablache and Mr. Machin.—In addition to these, Rumour adds the possibility of Herr Fischek's appearance. The "Outline of the performances" promises 'Elijah,' 'Athalie' and selection.—'Messiah,' 'Israel' and selection—for the mornings; and for the evenings three concerts of greater orchestral importance than we recollect on any former occasion. We hope that the original idea of engaging Mr. Wesley to make the grand organ in the Town Hall "speak" has not been laid aside; and we should be glad in addition to the above list to read the name of some great *solo* player, by way of giving a last lustre to the evening entertainments.—To the list of artists engaged for the coming Philharmonic Festival in Liverpool may be added the names of Madame Viardot-Garcia, Signori Piatti and Bottesini, and M. Vivier.—The Hereford Festival is fixed to commence on the 11th of September. Among the engagements already announced are those of Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockett and Phillips.

It is asserted by foreign journals that Mdle. Albani and Signor Salvi have accepted engagements at the Havana for the coming winter. Further, the gossips say (but we are far from believing all that they say) that Mr. Lumley will be henceforth associated in the management of the Italian Opera at Paris.—If he is to gain a footing in the French metropolis it must be by a system totally different to the one pursued by him in the Haymarket. Most curious of all reports is the report that Mr. Bunn is to manage a winter series of English Operas at *Her Majesty's Theatre*.—We have long known that no theatrical feud or antipathy is to be counted upon as lasting; but should the above coalition be accomplished, we shall expect among probabilities of 1849-50 the apparition of Mdle. Lind at Covent Garden to sing in English!—A contemporary, meanwhile, says that she will possibly visit America before her next retirement after the present one takes place.

It is with satisfaction that we again note an important result of our Opera rivalry,—namely, the abolition of what may be called "cast prejudice." We find Mr. Lumley's first-class singers co-operating to swell the chorus in 'Lucrezia'; while we perceive that Mr. Beale's 'Prophète' is to be strengthened by Mdle. Corbari and Mdle. Meric.—we presume to lead the chorus of *Soprani* in the Cathedral scene.—The opera, for some account of which we may be permitted to refer to a former number (*ante, p. 416*), will be performed, we believe, in the course of the coming week.—The cast announced is stronger than the Parisian one.

We again notice that the wretchedly-managed German operatic performances have closed in utter failure and discord, merely because we have heard anew from more than one source of the misery endured by the chorus,—the members of which are said to have latterly gone through their exhausting duties in a state approaching to starvation. Can no remedy be provided for distress so painful and unmerited? Late in the season though it be, we commend the case to the opulent and liberal German artists now in London as one to be relieved by a little timely co-operation. Such a work as Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' if sung in the original German by the chorus, with the *solos* efficiently taken (why not by Herr Fischek, Herr Fornes and a good tenor?) must, we think, yield profit enough to suffice for the extrication of these unfortunate people from their desolate situation in a strange metropolis.

A preposterous story is going about, not wholly to be overlooked,—even if it be merely an awkward pleasantry. Some of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts have been assured that the Directors did not engage certain first-class performers merely because "they would not submit to the dictation of the Press which had recommended such measures." Monstrous though this absurdity be, it has been repeated on no bad authority; and is by some credited,—not, however, by ourselves. It

is inconceivable that a Committee thus virtually bowing to the superiority of critical discriminations should damage its own institution out of blind spite and arrogant contradiction. We do not suspect, for an instant, that if praise by the column had been lavished upon — and — and — such "dictation" would have led to the exclusion of the mediocrities recommended!

A musical life which ought to have been of some value was sacrificed not many weeks ago at Bologna, where Signor Marliani was shot in the struggle betwixt the Legitimists and the "Provisionals." He had been lost sight of in the musical world for many years,—and this at a period when the Italian stage stood in utmost need of active and worthy composers. Among the latter he might have enrolled himself had his energy kept pace with his education. But this was not so. Disheartened, it would seem, by the limited success of his Italian operas 'Il Bravo' and 'Ildegonda,' and of his French operetta 'La Xacarilla' written for *L'Académie*,—and forgetting that only after reiterated trials have the generality of stage composers discovered their individuality and achieved their success,—Signor Marliani failed to work out his career. He has been most widely known and will be longest remembered by the brilliant and effective *scena* 'Stanza di piu combattenti,' introduced by Madame Grisi into 'Otello' as the *sortita* of Desdemona.

M. Liszt appears to be turning his present residence at Weimar to account by resuming what may be called his literary habits. His last contribution is a paper in *La France Musicale*, recommending the pianoforte compositions of two young Germans, Herr Reinecke and Herr Groll,—and containing some general remarks on the present position of the musical artist, so subtle and sensible that, opportunely permitting, we may return to them for extract and paraphrase.

Every genuine trait of character is welcome; and therefore we take from the *Gazette Musicale* a saying of the late M. Kalkbrenner's which confirms our recently recorded experience of his self-occupation. Speaking to some friend of his position and projects, long before his death,— "In a few years," said the pianist, "I shall be the Voltaire of music."

Miss Cushman is announced as about to leave England. On Wednesday she commenced a series of four performances in her celebrated character of *Meg Merrilies* at the Lyceum. These are to be her last appearances, it is said, previous to her departure.

Mr. Spicer, it is stated, has retired from the management of the Olympic.—The foundation stone of the new theatre was laid on Saturday last.

## MISCELLANEA

**The Great Sea-Serpent.**—A personal interview with the Sea Serpent has been obtained by Mr. J. A. Herriman, commander of the ship *Brazilian*, now lying near the principal entrance of the London Docks;—who makes the following curious statement.

He left the Cape on the 19th of February, running with a strong south-easterly wind for four days. On the morning of the 24th the ship was becalmed in latitude 29 south, longitude 8 east, being about 40 miles from the place in which Capt. McQuhae, R.N., is said to have seen the great sea serpent. About 8 o'clock on that morning, whilst the captain was surveying the calm heavy rippleless swell of the sea through his telescope, the ship at the time heading north-north-west, he perceived something right ahead, about half a mile to the westward, stretched along the water to the length of 25 or 30 ft., and perceptibly moving from the ship with a steady sinuous motion. The head, which seemed to be lifted several feet above the water, had something resembling a mane, running down to the floating portion, and within about 6 ft. of the tail it forked out into a sort of double fin. Having read at Colombo the account of the monster said to have been seen by Capt. McQuhae in nearly the same latitude, Mr. Herriman was led to suppose that he had fallen in with the same animal, or one of the same genus; he immediately called his chief officer, Mr. Long, with several of the passengers, who, after surveying the object for some time, came to the unanimous conclusion that it must be the sea serpent seen by Capt. McQuhae. As the *Brazilian* was making no headway, Mr. Herriman determined to bring all doubts to an issue, had a boat lowered down, and taking two hands on board, together with Mr. Boyd, of Peterhead, near Aberdeen, one of the passengers, who acted as steersman under the direction of the captain, they approached the monster, Capt. Herriman standing in the bow of the boat, armed with a harpoon, to commence the combat. The monster, however, was not attended with the danger which those on board apprehended, for coming close to the object it was found to be nothing more than an immense piece of sea-weed, evidently detached from a coral reef, and drifting with the current, which sets on

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should at once adopt this course,—which, it is said, would not be attended with much expense.—*Scotsman*.

**Wall Paintings, Culmpton Church.**—The walls of Culmpton Church, Devon, now being restored, are found upon partially scraping off the white lining, to be covered interiorly with paintings in distemper. In the north aisle is a figure of St. Christopher, nine feet high, with fishes and a mermaid at his feet, and his green twisted palm staff. Other figures, on an equally gigantic scale, are sadly cut up by marble monuments. One of these is St. Michael weighing departed spirits: a demoniacal horned head is grinning between the cords of the lighter scale. There is another figure with a sort of pontifical crown, and bearing a wand cruciform at its termination. On the north side of the nave clerestory is St. Clara in an orange-coloured robe, with a mitre terminated by a ball: her name is on a riband beneath. There are other specimens of the colourist's art in foliage adapted to spandrels; which, as well as the dresses of the figures, also the mouldings of the pier arches, are chiefly of an Indian red colour. It is a matter of regret to many that our antiquaries do not unveil more of these figures and their inscriptions, before the decayed plastering is renewed,—which it necessarily must be very shortly.—*Builder*.

**The Planet Venus.**—The planet Venus continues to be visible in the morning to the naked eye. Lalande first remarked this curious phenomenon in 1750. It has been calculated that Venus may be perceived by daylight 69 days before and after her conjunction,—that is, her passage from the meridian to the south,—provided her elongation be 39° at least. As it is now nearly 45°, the star will continue visible up to July 19, when the 69th day after her conjunction terminates.—*Galignani*.

**Free Exhibitions.**—It is much to be lamented that the various Exhibitions of paintings in the metropolis are not opened at least one day a week for the free admission of that portion of the working population to whom the price of admission is a serious obstacle. The view of such collections would be alike beneficial to the public and profitable to the artisan; and it would have an effect on such a number of the public as could hardly be calculated, for there is scarcely any branch of operative art of which there is not at least to be found some elegant illustration.—*Correspondent of the Journal of Design*.

**Zoological Society of London.**—Among the numerous recent acquisitions in the menagerie of the Regent's Park is one of the most interesting species of birds which has ever reached this country. The Satin Bower Bird, which, we are informed, were brought from Sydney by Mr. Aspinall, have constructed, in the spacious habitation allotted to them in the new aviary, one of those elaborate bowers or breeding places which caused so many speculations when they were first discovered in the Australian bush. So remarkable an example of the architecture of birds cannot fail to be an object of the greatest attraction to all who are interested in natural history. The Stratheden has brought for the Society a valuable present from Lieut. Colonel Butterworth, the Governor of Singapore, consisting of a pair of gigantic Sarus cranes, a very fine cassowary, and a "sun bear."—*Morning Paper*.

**Gold-getting in California.**—If any suppose that gold can be procured without labour, and that of the severest kind, they are, I assure you, very much mistaken. Why, laying water or gas pipes in the streets of New York is not half as toilsome work. No man should come to this country with the expectation of making his fortune at the mines by getting out gold, but such an one as feels fully able to dig about half-a-dozen graves a-day, taking a cold bath every fifteen or twenty minutes during his work, and whilst in a profuse perspiration, and that without injury to the constitution. It would not be a bad plan to practise this for a month or two on the banks of some river before leaving the United States.—*Extract of a letter from San Francisco*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Luke Limmer*.—R. A.—G. W.—Phil.—O. Dublin.—T. Y. U.—A Subscriber.—J. A.—received.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.—We continue to receive a variety of letters on this subject;—but we cannot carry the discussion further. It was sufficient to raise the argument in our columns:—a variety of fresh instances adds nothing to it on the one side or on the other.

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